



ISSUE 5

£3.25

**THE
ROMANCE &
CIGARETTES
ISSUE**

LITTLE WHITE LIES

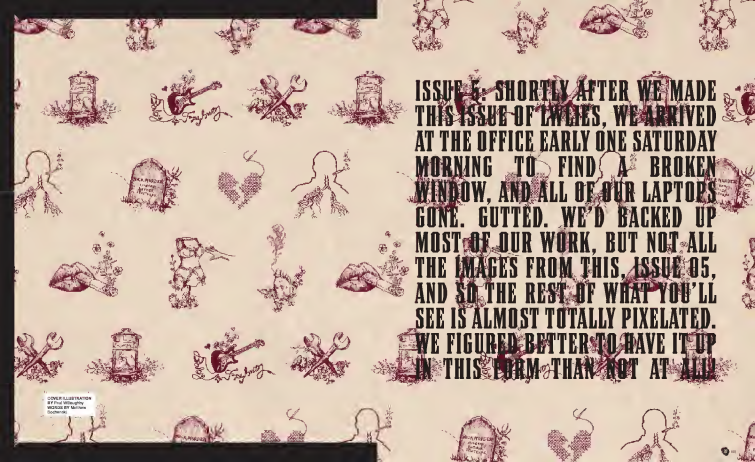
Truth & Movies

THOUGHTS
MANDERLAY
TSOTSI
THREE BURIALS

WORDS
BIG TOBACCO
PIMP FASHION
MEGA STRUCTURES

INTERVIEWS
JOHN TURTURRO
STEPHEN GAGHAN
GORE VERBINSKI





ISSUE 5: SHORTLY AFTER WE MADE THIS ISSUE OF EWIES, WE ARRIVED AT THE OFFICE EARLY ONE SATURDAY MORNING TO FIND A BROKEN WINDOW, AND ALL OF OUR LAPTOPS GONE. GUTTED. WE'D BACKED UP MOST OF OUR WORK, BUT NOT ALL THE IMAGES FROM THIS, ISSUE 05, AND SO THE REST OF WHAT YOU'LL SEE IS ALMOST TOTALLY PIXELATED. WE FIGURED BETTER TO HAVE IT UP IN THIS FORM THAN NOT AT ALL.

COVER ILLUSTRATION
BY Phil Wittebury
WORDS BY Matthew
Goodman

CHAPTER ONE. IN WHICH WE DISCUSS ROMANCE AND CIGARETTES

WRITTEN BY
JOHN LUCAS
STARRING: Lucas,
Savannah, Faye,
Michael, Susan,
Davidson, Christopher,
Hudson, Steve, Brandon

CASTING
DIRECTOR



John Turturro's
rock opera has
dinosaur balls,
but it dances
to the beat of a
dark heart.



Strap on

a helmet. *Romance & Cigarettes* is a wild-eyed urban opera that charges headfirst through the looking glass. Part James Brown, part Luke Brail, it's a raucous confusion of social satire and chaotic pop culture. This is cinema at its most surreal, but for all the noisy noise and eye-bulging noodle-doodle, it's a whinger of dark pessimism that strikes the loaded note.

James Gandolfini is Nick Murdock, a pimp-mounted whoremonger and blue-collar construction worker who spends his day atop a bridge that threatens Manhattan like a loaded weapon between his legs. His wife, Kitty (Susan Sarandon), has discovered his affair with flame-haired temptress Tula (Winona), but three daughters have turned against him, and to top it all he's taking the advice of lanky co-worker Steve Buscemi and getting the drug.



Shooting in Queens, New York, four blocks from where he was raised, Tartufo has a cocksure confidence in the richness and authenticity of his world — of the burgers and benches and stifled horizons of suburban America. On the surface *Ramona & Agnes* is a Brazilian dreamscape of shifting fantasies, bleak humour and dark morbidity. But just when you think you've got it pinned as an ode to suburbia's gritty glory, Tartufo takes a left turn through that looking glass, and the film explodes into a thousand bewildering pieces.

With the
tiniest
pause,
then a
nod,

James Gandolfini slips into the first few bars of 'A Men Without Love', and just like that you've struck out past Jupiter and beyond the infinite. A chorus of lean men, beards and gum-chewing girls promenade across the street in a breathless, jaw-dropping therapy of inner musical heartache. It's a kamikaze moment of total madness, but Tartufo doesn't finish until the dust settles into shocked silence.

This is a moment of rare repose, a prelude to Susan Sarandon's gospel-inflected Joplin epic 'Piece Of My Heart'. Kate Winslet's ghetto fabulous slice of fallen tramp pop 'Do You Love Me Like You Knew Me', and Christopher Meloni — recently a kind of meta-actor who doesn't even do the best impression of himself anymore — ripping through 'Dilett' like a rusted robot channeling the spirit of Elton.

These are consummately executed pieces of musical theatre. Tartufo wears the influence of Berkeley and Bernstein on his sleeve, but there's also a dash of Spike Jonze about his anarchic sensibility. His camera work is viscerally hyperbolic, but where Baz Luhrmann went to school the musical with a crash-bang breathlessness, Tartufo has a more obvious affinity for the genre's baroque style.

Despite this strutting eloquence behind the lens, it's as a writer that Tartufo really makes his mark. It's no surprise that *Ramona & Agnes* begins life on the set of *Barton Fink*; its raucy dialect and vivid non-sequiturs are a tip of the hat to the Coen's brotherly bathos.

But if the drunken oscillation of ideas is pure Coen from the film's foul mouth to all Tartufo, describing his picture as 'full of love and wonder and occasional dirty thoughts', he employs a staggering lyrical crudity and delivers that's pure pulp poetry. He's a genius of filth, and though Kate Winslet gets most of the juicy stuff ('Gimme some of that FUCKIN' fairy shit'), Susan Sarandon's "more ass than a seat on the toilet" is surely his crowning hour.







elsewhere, however, Garfield's No. 1 song, "Secret Rites," crackles and — more damagingly — there's a strain of bizarre present perfection, in which the likes of an engine passing overhead becomes a "metal car." This jarring voice adds to a hyphen of competing styles, which, bizarrely, make the obscenely demanded musical numbers seem like oases of calm.

The appeal of these set pieces

For both their sublimating metaphorical power, and the visceral, well-contained narrative energy that marks each a movie kiss in itself, that said, there's a darker side to this escapist fantasy.

In their back garden, as a shabby-looking stage overgrown with weeds, Mob's daughters perform away at a fearless impression of post-punk teen rock. According to Turturro: "When people don't have a lot they escape through the movies, or popular song. There's a reason why people are big pop stars... why Bruce Springsteen speaks to a lot of people, he puts his finger on the pulse of how they feel and tells stories about them."

Romance & Cigarettes mythologizes the power of music, but not everybody's music. There's a telling discrepancy between the respect afforded to the power of pop icons like Springsteen, a millionaire progenitor of urban identity, and the ridicule reserved for the music the girls make for themselves. No matter how spontaneous and honest, how integral to their self-identity, it's also an embarrassment to them, a boundary that steers out the limits of their engagement with the world around them. In the end, they're forced to turn to controversially enlisted pop acts because they're musically and intellectually incapable of telling their own stories.

This class-conscious condescension also manifests itself as a subtle misogyny. Is Tula a hands-on-the-air independent sister? Or a two-dimensional male fantasy of sexual aggression and social submissiveness? Isn't her sexy solo number really just a protean exaggeration of a woman's needy insecurity, culminating in the most dreaded question of all: "Should I dream of a wedding day?"

If this is a kitchen-sink redux of the habitual treatment of working-class women by the likes of Dennis Potter, then it's hard to see who's laughing. The women in *Romance & Cigarettes* suffer for the fact of who they please, ways that the men never tell. They are the ones who deal with the pain and the heartache; they are the ones left alone when the men see *Tula*.

Even Elaine Stritch, who near enough steals the film in a cameo as Little Mommy mother ("Every breath is a victory"), besides her "whoremaster" son for his "dinosaur belt" in the same breath as she tells a story that's about generations of disempowered female sexuality. You want a reason? "A man is a beast," says Christopher Walken. You want more? You aren't getting it.



In the midst of this, Kate Winslet

gives a raw performance of back-silly (read: sad), throwing herself wholeheartedly into a role of fat and tipsy and filthy sex. But even in this brazen whirl of tits and flesh and beauty back door promises, at heart she's little more than a simply generic dirty Northern bird. More startling is Mandy Moore as Nick's youngest daughter. Her feeble sexuality and stinky half-closed eyes stunningly capture Italy's budding sexual power.

Eventually *Romance & Cigarettes* is undone by the sheer cumulative effect of its own coldest free spirit. In the end and Turkin makes one last ludicrous bid for attention, a radical search and grab that's one change of gears too many. It's also the first time he succumbs to the kind of squall finally crisis clichés his film had been so relentlessly screwing with. Not even Nick Carraway's expensively devastating "Little Water Song" is enough to mask the fact that you can't blithely skip your audience around for two hours and then demand they share in your moment of poignant emotional transcendence.

This, though, isn't to take away from *Romance & Cigarettes'* prodigious achievements. On the cusp of another summer of old-school blockbusters and big-time charters, Turkin's film is an inspiring breath of fresh air: an exuberantly wild one-of-a-kind weighted down by a poignant pessimism, which, ultimately, is nothing to make a song and dance about. ■



Anticipation & singing
Vegans upvote for himself, but
it also promised to showcase the
outgoing talents of a director
with dinner-table skills. *Now*

Engagement Head-spinning
doubtless, hands in the air
enthusiastic, but ultimately
it's the film's conversations that
come to the fore. *What*

In retrospect, & sure and
refreshing around for some
perfect, but one viewing won't
be enough. *Just*

THE PREACHER MAN

Adam Carls talks
to John Turturro

LWL: How does your Italian-American background—that kind of schizophrenia—manifest itself in your work? Do you see yourself as an American filmmaker, or do you think you have more European influences?

JOHN TURTURRO: I grew up on American film, and maybe a certain amount of Italian and Irishness, but it wasn't until I was in college that I was exposed to European cinema. And, when I saw those, I was kind of shocked by it. I had a huge influence on me, and when I made my first film I remember, you know, I didn't even know how I wanted to make it, and when I saw the first rough cut I was kind of shocked. "Oh I said, 'This looks like a European movie.' So I'm kind of like, 'And-then-then!' It's in the middle of the movie in a dangle."

LWL: You shot *Rescue Me* & *Quintessence* very close to where you grew up.

JT: Yeah, but I didn't do that on purpose. I had this idea of all these big productions trapped in these little houses, but so maybe's offered to build it. So we started

homes and so ended up finding one in the neighborhood that I grew up in. Sometimes I'd go home and have lunch with my mom. That was hilarious. She was like, "What are you doing here?" I was like, "I don't know what I'm doing but I'm back!"

LWL: Do you still think you can tap into the identity of the place? That you can tap into the idea that these people live now, given that you yourself came back as a very successful, very well-known actor?

JT: Yeah. I mean, looking being successful in work, but, sure, the more successful you are, the harder it is to have a fresh on-road life. You know, if you're too much you're out there ride the subway, and maybe he would like to, but he can't you know...

LWL: Is that where you are right now?

JT: No, I can do a lot of stuff. I think I'm still in touch with the world—a world that most people live in. Many people, you know, are struggling, and there are lots of

To me, music is a form of prayer.

interesting stories, but some have't been a huge breakthrough unless except for a couple of characters, and I think there's a lot of stories that you could tell. Because these people are not devoid of an imagination or a sexuality or whatever—they still have beliefs and dreams, and they may not be as privileged as others, but, you know, sometimes they're even more in touch, because they live in the edge.

LWL: What about the women in the film? We're interested in your take on gender politics because you strike as, or the film strikes as, as being quite cynical.

JT: I don't think cynical as the right word. I wanted to be honest about the situation of people like this, and Kathy, because a lot of women in these situations don't have the opportunity to do what they wanted to—because of life, because they didn't have the education. There's a whole generation of women who didn't get that opportunity.

The men are more like actors, you know, they live in this kind of fantasy world, but the women are the powerful characters because they're the ones who are more realistic and more honest about their lives. And when, you know, here a tough life as the world, and it's the dynamics of that that interest me. You know, even if you're a prostitute a lot of times what you really want is what everyone else has. Which is some kind of security and someone to care about you and to love you.

LWL: You've said that you were influenced by Greek tragedy—in the mix of music and drama and catharsis. But one reading of catharsis is that it's not as much about changing your view of the world, as reinforcing your place in it. Is there a conservative view about women in the film where you're basically saying, "These poor people in the world and, tough shit, but that's not a very good place to be?"

JT: Well, I mean, I don't know if I'm saying that correctly. Maybe some of them will get out of there. And, you

know, in the neighborhood that I grew up in all the people who married were women. The men are all dead. And you realize that those people are really strong. They're less educated, their husband was shot, gay dad of a heart attack, another gay dad of cancer, this and that, and yet the women are still strong. I think that women are the stronger sex.

Everybody in the film is looking for love, you know, and to be their's almost, like, a political act. To be honest about it, and to be real about it. I think will strip away a lot of the bullshit women.

LWL: Are you a fan of the classical music of Giuseppe Verdi and Beethoven? Were you definitely trying to note that style?

JT: Certain kinds of music. I like, certain kinds I don't like. It's a huge fan of rock music, you know, and I love dancing, but I think when you try to do those things people don't always accept it, so my idea was kind of like, "What happens when people



are in the shower, or in a car?' They use it as a way of escape on *Emokey*. But when I did the costume I realized that if they were too good or they were too choreographed it kind of took its romance. So I'd say, 'Well let's change things', you know, let's just throw it out and try something like you would do in your bedroom.

LW: How did the actors respond to that?

JT: Some of the scenes were terrified even to just sing along 'Now they don't know if I was going to use that or not.' But I liked the idea of them singing along to their own private soundtrack, instead of just lip-synching. Chris Walker, he wouldn't sing out loud, he lip-synched—that's what he does. He walks to the beat of his own drum, and it's a great drum that he beats on. While James was very nervous. When we did the first number he would have to come in on the fourth beat, and he kept wanting it. He actually kicked the door in and the whole thing just nearly crashed.

LW: What about Kate Winslet's performance? She kind of embodies the spirit of the film in that you think you have her planned, then you listen to her and you realize she left what she seems to be.

JT: No, and one of the reasons I wanted Kate for the role is that I knew that she could take that character and turn it upside down. There's not too many people who have that kind of skill and who are so uninhibited, you know. There are some people who could not the part, but I didn't really want that. I wanted someone who could naturally, you know, reveal it. To me, she's like part of the tribe of women.

LW: What has music meant in your own life?

JT: I grew up in a house which was filled with music. My mother was listening to classical music, Frank Sinatra, Billy Holiday. My brother would listen to more hard rock, you know, Hendrix, Cream, and so I'd be like, you know, I like a lot of soul music. I mean, everyone has their own music. So, music was a way of

transportation, if you're not overtly religious, to be able to work off a form of poetry.

LW: Switching gears, in the last few decades we've had the emergence of the movie star and the MTV generation. Now it seems like we're seeing the emergence of a certain kind of actor inspiring an influential new breed of director. We're talking about yourself, George Clooney, Timmy Lee Jones and Liv Ullmann. Why do you think that is?

JT: Well, you know, a lot of actors have been fortunate enough to work with some wonderful directors, at least a handful of wonderful directors in their career. So it's a natural progression to say, 'I have a story that I want to tell, I think I'm going to take a shot at it'. You've only got so long that you're going to be able to stand around not doing anything, you know what I mean? If you have the concept, and you're not satisfied just, you know, doing this job for the paycheck, then you gotta do it. ■

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When I'm smoking, smoking, put my worries on a shelf
Try not to think about nothing, don't waste me on myself
What have I done wrong?
and nothing can go right with me, it must be that I've been smoking
too long.

In this class I'm studying, there's lessons to be learned
you go out and smoking, you're gonna get burned.
Pard me what have I done wrong?
nothing can go right with me, must be that I've been smoking
too long,
too long.

Maybe, I've Been Smoking Too Long

CHAPTER TWO. IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

LWJLH:

What is it that you love about movies?

John Turnure

What I like, you know, what I still like about movies is
if a movie introduces me to a world that I didn't know
about. That kind of takes me to a place I won't see
of before. All I want from a movie is that it leaves me
with a sense of delight, and that could be a mood, or a
laugh, or it could be about, you know, just how beautiful
something is. I love that people reveal themselves in
this new environment, and that they share that with me.

And I think, not only can that be a beautiful thing,
it can be devastating as well.

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CHAPTER THREE.
IN WHICH WE
DISCUSS THEMES OF
UNCOMMON INTEREST
INSPIRED BY OUR
FEATURE FILM

UP IN SMOKE



Corruption and violence have destroyed the once-thriving tobacco industry in Zimbabwe. LWLies gets the inside story on a decade of decline from a farmer and his wife who witnessed it first hand.

A Brief History.

The tobacco industry in what was then Rhodesia, and is now Zimbabwe, took root in 1900. The growers were hardy—they had to be to succeed. Their efforts in developing virgin bush, and in establishing rural communities, schools and communications, opened up huge tracts of undeveloped country, and paved the way for greater industrial and commercial expansion in the cities and towns.

Many factors influenced the industry's growth and brought it to prominence in world markets. Soon the leaf was no longer considered merely an acceptable, less expensive substitute for American crop. Zimbabwe became the second largest exporter of tobacco in the world, after Brazil, shipping 225 000 tonnes, and employing 400,000 people in an industry which earned this small country US\$500,000,000 per annum.

Six years ago, President Robert Mugabe, in a politically calculated move, tried to save his corrupt and failing regime by seizing highly productive commercial agricultural farms and their equipment. To this day he has paid for neither. The grievance was that land must be taken from white Zimbabweans, 57 per cent of whom had legally purchased it since 1960, when he came to power after independence.

The country is now in economic meltdown, with inflation presently at 585%. When Mugabe turned his so-called 'war vets' loose on the farms to create their mayhem, all the indigenous black farm workers were driven away with their families to find far distant homes. This was the saddest blow of all: some 245,000 workers were completely dispossessed. Many were of the fourth and fifth generations living there, and these farms were their only home.

The land that has been seized was distributed largely to the party acolytes, army officers, civil servants and the judiciary: thus compromising the whole government. The result is that the recipients were not the landless rustlers, but the privileged few, who have no background in modern agriculture.

Zimbabwe was once aptly known as the breadbasket of Africa. We have now reached the situation where for six years we have been the recipients of food aid. Tobacco, which was the engine of agriculture and the national economy, has now sunk to an export figure of 65,000 tonnes last year—a fall of 72%. Brazil was delighted to gain our market share without a fight and has doubled its annual production.

PRESIDENT ROBERT MUGABE, IN A POLITICALLY CALCULATED MOVE, TRIED TO SAVE HIS CORRUPT REGIME BY SEIZING HIGHLY PRODUCTIVE FARMS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT. TO THIS DAY HE HAS PAID FOR NEITHER.

Extract from a letter written by a tobacco farmer's wife: December 2001

■ As the year draws to a close, our community of 32 farms has virtually stopped functioning. We are one of only 10 farms still operating. The others have been forced (often violently) by war vets with full Government support to stop all work and permanently lay off their labour.





The farmers are permitted to remain in their homes for the time being, but can't drive about their own land without permission from the new 'owners'. These turn out to be various senior members of the police, army and civil service – plus a few government ministers – who visit the farms at weekends in their official government vehicles.

A handful of the 'land-hungry masses' have been given a few plots on the farms too, to keep it looking like 'land reform'. As a result, thousands of acres of productive tobacco land have been replaced by a few acres of patchy maize. The trees, however, are disappearing at an alarming speed, as they are chopped down and sold for firewood. The game – impels, kudu, sable, bushpig, warthogs and many others – are being brutally slaughtered, and the meat is also being sold. Who needs to grow a crop when there are all these natural resources to plunder first?

The only thing keeping farmers in their homes, where they must witness this tragedy unfold, is the dwindling hope of being paid some sort of compensation for their land. So far, nobody has received a cent. Thousands of dismissed workers are homeless, sitting with all their possessions under trees in the communal areas, with no hope of finding a job again, and nowhere to live.

It is a very brave and foolhardy person who tries to visit and help them. We sent our pick-up truck with an elderly retiree and his family who were moving to their home in that area. On the way back, our driver and two passengers were stopped by a mob of ZANU youths, who beat them up and wanted to burn our truck (but were drunk and had no matches, luckily for us). They perceive the farm workers to be opposition supporters (they're not) so gangs of paid ZANU members, in uniforms, are attacking these poor people in growing numbers. While the eyes of the world have been watching the horror of September 11th and its aftermath, Mugabe has made the most of the distraction and has broken every clause of the Abure agreement.

We consider ourselves very fortunate to have been able to plant our tobacco, and we hope to survive this season, although we have been listed for acquisition five times. Whether anyone can politically or financially survive another season is questionable – our economy has crashed and inputs have gone through the roof. Many people have left the farming districts, many more will leave shortly – mostly to Australia, New Zealand or South Africa. We're pretty sure this will be our last season here and I have no idea what our next move will be.



**THE
ANDERSON
MURDER WAS
SHOCKING.
HE WAS MADE TO
KNEEL DOWN IN
HIS HOUSE BY THE
ROBBERS, WHO
THEN EXECUTED HIM.
SHOOTING HIM FOUR
TIMES IN FRONT OF
HIS WIFE.**

Extract from a letter written by a tobacco farmer's wife: July 2002

The Anderson murder was shocking. It happened at 11 am – he arrived home on Sunday during a robbery, and was made to kneel down in his house by the robbers, who then executed him, shooting him four times in front of his wife. The two children, who were cowering in the car outside, were dragged out, and the brothers drove off. The murderer was one of the settlers on his farm who'd signed with him about the ownership of irrigation equipment a week previously. The farm is being taken over by a senior member of government.

Shortly after that, two farmers from different areas were severely beaten, in one instance the wife was tied up. Numerous black opposition supporters have been beaten or murdered. And yet some people here have been commenting that things are finally settling down! In our district, many people are leaving immediately and the rest are waiting to see if the government gives us a better exchange rate than Z\$60 to US\$1 for our tobacco, because with the black market rate running at 750 to 1, there is no hope of growing another crop.

Although our farm has been pegged for resettlement, nobody has moved on, and they may not do so. We still have most of last year's tobacco to grade and sell, so we certainly can't move for a while anyway. We are asking the farmers who should have stopped work last week, with 45 days to get off the farm. But, like many others, we are ignoring the order and hoping nothing will happen. Okay, I know, but we need to sell our tobacco.



Extract from a letter written by a tobacco farmer's wife: May 2003

Our first tobacco sale is on Tuesday (unless there's another wage strike at the sales floor). Not much tobacco on offer due to farm seizures, and the prices fairly firm so far. They need to be.

Bern says he's not prepared to walk off this farm unless he's forced to. I'd rather find a buyer or someone to lease or just stay here and farm. I understand his point, but I dread the thought of another year in this dreadful limbo, never knowing when some fat cat will boot you off, or some disgruntled employee call you out to the war vets (nearly had this a couple of weeks ago).

Meanwhile, Bern has been trying to buy fertilizer, source coal, etc. for the next season. And God knows what we're supposed to do for fuel! If the proposed new wages are approved our bill per month will be over Z\$4 000,000. And the workers will still struggle to make ends meet. Don't know how all this is supposed to make business sense. But I do know that we need to get away from here to be able to build and feel positive again. I need to get my head around the things I can't change (such as Bern trying to farm one more season) and find ways to be positive in myself.

Letter written by a tobacco farmer's wife: January 2006

My day began with a baby elephant. About six weeks ago, Malawi Parks took over two orphaned elephants from some people in Kariba who had rescued them during the drought in the Zambezi Valley, but then found they were unable to afford the upkeep. The two babies got lost soon after arriving at the local Game Park, and the younger one was driven into a dam nearby by poachers and their dogs, and slaughtered. The older one somehow survived for 12 days in the bush before it was found and then incarcerated in a pen near the Parks Office. The Parks people were afraid they'd be in trouble if she escaped, so this baby has been in a pen – alone – for the last two weeks. They were told originally that they would have the baby elephants for a week, before someone would buy and collect them, and so they had food to last for only a week.

You can guess the rest. The food ran out, the elephant keeper walked to the nearest bus stop (Parks have no fuel), and went to Harare to buy more. This meant he took three days, during which the elephant had no feed at all. Nobody at the Game Park has experience with baby elephants so she was left alone most of the time and was very distressed.

When I heard about this, I phoned Sandra, who deals with SPCA on wildlife issues. She was visiting the Safari Park the very next day to release a rescued penguin. The outcome of it all was that she told a wildlife donor organization about the problem and they agreed to fund the purchase of the baby. If Parks would accept their bid. We'll hear today whether National Parks have agreed. If so, the baby will be moved to the Safari Camp and when she is big enough, when I get introduced into a wild herd in the area.

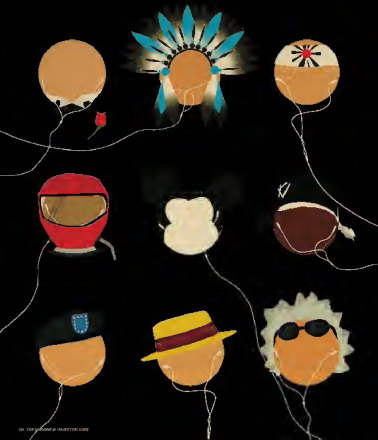
In the meantime, she has to be fed properly, so I drove over to the Game Park early this morning to assess their stock of food – only enough for two and a half days of full-strength for milk. I hope Sandra organises a move very quickly. I will visit the Park daily, and somehow will source the milk and porridge needed for the next while.

Milk? It's not getting – she reaches out her little trunk to you and pulls your hand to her mouth and tries to suckle. She is so hungry and very lonely.

I did suggest Bern might like to put up the US\$2000 to buy her, but he declined. Just as well, how would we ever feed her without funding, and what would happen to her when she grew bigger? How has YOUR day been?

Love, Maureen

Due to the threat of reprint, all names have been changed.



There's a bonus feature on the Director's Cut DVD of *Dances With Wolves* in which composer John Williams is orchestrating the score. Following a seemingly perfect take, Kevin Costner emerges from the sound booth to give his own directions, while Williams is briefly swapped from his position and left to watch another (better?) man direct his orchestra.

Not only is it a perfect example of Costner's green-styming agenda, it also reflects the importance filmmakers attach to the music, which encompasses their creative. And Costner (for once) has issued a key point: when captured correctly, the fusion of music and film can be both physically and aesthetically reverent. Films like 2001: A Space Odyssey, *The Godfather* and *Jaws* work not only because they're great movies but because they're examples of complete audiovisual packages. But film music hasn't always been James Horner-style pomp and pageantry, so how do we understand why they work and where they're headed next?

Film music follows a set of strict rules. Hooks, themes and motifs produce a score that defines and reinforces a film's emotional message. The musical theme of a movie is a particular melodic or rhythmic motif that appears whenever a certain event, usually the presence or entrance of a major character, occurs. It may sound basic, but this simple concept is actually underpinned by complex philosophical notions of Hegelian emotional gratification (they say). Put simply: it's the reason why music and film are able to connect with such ease. As stock emotions are played out, the accompanying music must follow suit.

Themes differ from background music in that they stand alone if removed from the context of the movie. Also, unlike background music, the songs' lyrical content may be specifically relevant. A theme is usually repeated throughout the course of a film and is often introduced early on in the proceedings and then interpolated through its tempo, key and instrumentation to fit the particular mood.

If we were to pull a movie out of *Blindfold*—let's say Steven Seagal's 1991 action romp, *Out For Justice* (soundtrack by David Michael Penik)—we are able to observe that when Seagal's partner gets kidnapped in front of his dating wife, the musical motif is played in a minor key. That's cinematic shorthand for "be sad here!" Also, when Seagal eventually falls for his dead partner's wife, the music slows right down for this (mercifully brief) romantic episode. A musical theme may also be hinted at as a character develops and is only played in full when that character finally reaches a peak. In Seagal's case, this is when naming a confederate into battle William Forsythe's forehead after days of hushes chasing "Take that, Hegel!"

Sound & Vision

WRITTEN BY DAVID JENKINS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB LONGWORTH

CAPLIFE CELEBRATES 100
YEARS OF MOTIE MUSIC

Film music has grown from humble roots, but has also very little since its earliest incarnation. When the first silent films were shown in movie theatres, a few scores sheet (piano or photography music) would be sent along with the print so the pianist or in-house orchestra were able to play along with the action. Far from this being a romantic or atmospheric backdrop of the stirring action we now take for granted in our feature-length pictures, these few scores were used primarily to drown out the sound of clunky projection.

Due to the weakness of *Bill & Ted* and poor reproduction quality, early Hollywood theatre owners shunned a pre-release death for *Bill & Ted*. Only later when in-house planners realized that their store supplied the audiences with many of the film's emotional cues did *Bill & Ted* make a leap in cinema. As later to think that, by this logic, the *Bill & Ted* we now experience is undoubtedly lost. The surround came around almost by accident.

The first 'wilde' was 1929's *The Jazz Singer* starring Al Jolson. Later, in 1936, Disney's iconic *Snow White* and *The Seven Dwarfs* were the first film to completely create a soundtrack in post-production, including effects, music and dialogue. On through the '50s and '60s and up to the '90s, music was truly essential as a character on film. *Beatles* like *Monterois*, *Danny* *Noyce* and *Freddie* *Ginger*, along with directors like *Burley* *Darkey* and *Vincent* *Minnelli*, were repackaging film music to suit an America recovering from the depression and about to head into war. *Wallace*, like *even* *42nd* *Street*, *Top* *Gat*, *West* *Side* *Story* and *An* *American* *in* *Paris* proved that film music could be more than just incidental!

Even during the '60s, '50s and '70s few large-scale film scores became commonplace, although the standard orchestration that had ruled the studios in previous decades was becoming increasingly sophisticated to keep pace with the cinematic trends of the day. *Ennio Morricone's* score for *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* remains one of the most powerful in the history of cinema, while other smaller scale directors such as John Carpenter, Sergio Argento and Abel Ferrara would reward their own, occasionally infected talent soundtracks to suit the more progressive themes their films explored.

It was the era that produced the signal soundtracks composed by artists who were already successful in their own right. A new generation of musicians had already begun to assimilate the exact language of cinema, and it is many years since the music they produced contributed the firm themselves. Tom Waits' soundtrack to *Barbarella*, Don Copeland's *One From The Heart* is certainly the stand-out feature of a densely and over-stylized narrative, and the same goes for Bob Dylan's work on the *Perdri* and *Myth* the *Red* soundtrack. This rock, as history existing code not only crosses a highly-nuanced new musical genre, it also led to a dichotomy between the narrative substance of a film and the emotional significance of its soundtrack.

Nevertheless, the spectrum of emotions induced by many film scores is often enough to push even the most blasé of pop songs into a deeper field of meaning. Would "Power of Love" by Huey Lewis and the News have captured the same transcendent success without Beeth in the Future? Would Joe "Boss" Rapaport's "You're the Best" have captured that same emotional zenith without a crane kick to the face in *Karate Kid*? Would Eric Carmen's riddle "Hungry Eyes" have made it big without a spot of lip-synching on *Dick Cavalcade*?

When Altmeppen wrote the songs that appeared on the soundtrack to *Magnolia*, director *PA* Anderson said that he found the music as he had written so powerful that he wrote much of the film around them. Some directors relish the idea of plauditing their record collections for songs to try over their movies. Would the '70s Philly soul group The Delphonic really have had a sensibility if their music hadn't been rediscovered in 1997 by *Brigitte Bamberger*?

So where are we at with fun music? The relationship and the rules have certainly been tested from new and exciting forms. Film scores and film music were once easy to define, but with films such as *F.M.W.*, *Get Rich or Die Tryin'* and the animated *Shrek*, the chicken and egg debate seems to have become far more salient. Music making now has become more aware of the commerce involved in producing a soundtrack and will often accept that fact for an artistic payoff.

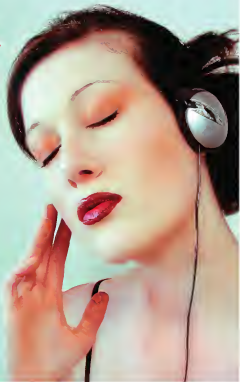
Conversely, it appears that there are also filmmakers who see film music as nothing more than a post-production necessity that bears little to no effect on the events of the film. Is this some new Cagnacque way of cinematic purity? No, there are the people who allow Steven Seagal to record his own well-known crotch for his close-up credits. ■

Top Scorers

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26



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*If big is beautiful, these
babies are X rated.*

WORDS BY ADRIAN D. JENSEN
MOLLAU BRIDGE PHOTO BY BEN JOHNSON
TADPALE LEE PHOTO BY STEPHEN A. EDWARDS

SIZE ME SUPER

Man-made. A term that conjures images of craftsmanship and dedication, deliberation and attention to detail.

Fine characteristic of a quality product, but equally applicable to items not often seen in your local shop. Looking for true quality on a large scale? Don't head to a discount warehouse, broaden your horizons. These new structures are large that they're visible from space, the pinnacle of modern technological prowess. Big, bold and... beautiful?

Petronius Oil Platform Gulf of Mexico

Stretching a staggering 610 metres in height, the Petronius oil platform is the largest freestanding structure in the world. Weighing in at 43,000 tonnes, the platform also broke the bank, costing approximately \$500,000,000 to construct. Balauged by problems, it took four years to build, transport and assemble, but now sits atop a profitable oilfield, part of owners Chevron/Tessco's Lucerne estate.

Handily your run-of-the-mill Sunday afternoon flat-pack, the platform required more than an Allen key to assemble. Craned inland the components were then floated to site and lowered into place. One section - weighing 3,600 tons and containing the production equipment, water-based facilities and crew quarters - even ended up on the seabed. MIA, after its support snagged while being lifted into place. But moderately the profit outweighed the pain and the plan progressed to completion. Petronius' operational life has been as difficult as its construction and it didn't help when hurricane Ivan's eye passed directly overhead in 2004. A Category 2 beast, 'Ivan the Terrible' was the fourth costliest hurricane to rampage across the US, with sustained 200kph winds. For the Petronius though, this was merely a stiff breeze, and only minor damage was sustained. Even so the platform was closed down in preparation and repairs took six months - a costly delay for Chevron/Tessco. Never mind, they posted profits of \$13.3m in 2005, so we are well hungry.

But was it worth it? Currently Petronius houses the necessary equipment for a production capacity of 60,000 barrels of oil per day, and an extra 150 million cubic feet of gas. It's estimated that there are 150 million barrels of oil available below the platform - which equates to only four and a half years' supply. That much oil and gas is going to need something seriously chunky to move it. That's the Knock Nevis, and it won't actually fit in your pond.



Knock Nevis Location Undisclosed

The largest vehicle currently in existence, the Knock Nevis weighs in at 564,703 tonnes (dead-weight) or 75,300 elephants to you and me. Originally built in 1979-81 for a Greek oil magnate, the ship underwent extension prior to its completion to ensure it became the largest vessel ever built. Now, a full quarter-century later, it still holds the title. Standing 25 metres above sea level when full, the Knock Nevis is a staggering 485 metres in length. If put upright it would stand 60 metres taller than the Petronius Towers of Malaysia, and that's impressive even without Gen Con's sanction to the side. Recently it was converted to a dry dock in Singapore and now doubles as a storage island. That's right - mined.

In her prime, the Knock Nevis held over two million barrels of oil production from the largest platform in the world. Or 3.6 million barrels. Considering you can fit two million barrels into an average football stadium, and four feet within into something the size of the Lava Camp in Barcelona, isn't just put that. In more relevant terms, each barrel contains 158 litres, or 40 large bottles of Coca-Cola. The Knock Nevis can store 336 million bottles, or more reportedly, 1,176 billion perils. Cheers.

It is, quite simply, edge-of-extinctioningly big. But it hasn't always been beautiful. Whiffed sailing the Horizon Islands in 1986 she was struck by two Soviet missiles, which compromised her hull. A sitting duck, the never had a chance, and soon lay in the mud-lane seabed of the waters aside Khong Island in Iran.

Even when not languishing on the sea bed, the Knock Nevis isn't exactly jolly. It can't travel through the English Channel because its turning circle is too big, and it takes over 10 miles to stop. Bottom line: you wouldn't want to get in the way. And with only 60 crew members required to sail it, no one would notice if you did. But accidents do happen - it's 100 per cent larger than the ill-fated Exxon Valdez, so, while from moorings, could nature cripple the Knock Nevis and spill its crude, black blood?

The maximum theoretical wave-height in one of the world's oceans (the height of waves seen in storms experienced once every 100 years) is a strikingly large. A typical hurricane wave can reach seven metres. Peak waves can

reach 30 metres, and 100 year waves can hit 50. That's almost 20 stories tall and phenomenally powerful. Such a wave would exert a pressure of 100 tonnes per square metre on a ship, far greater than the 15 tonnes ships are designed to withstand without damage. Never mind the seabed, don't bother with your speedies and don't board your Bambi - these waves don't leave survivors. Worryingly, their wavelength (the distance from peak to peak) can be so great that they support opposite ends of boats with clear air between them. Not designed for such abuse, super-tankers are apt to snap in half. New ships are lost each year because of this phenomenon. So, big but not unbeatable. Our advice? Stick to Shink.

Millau Bridge France

Constructed by B&G and designed the right side of Le Mans by Lord Norman Foster. This isn't the longest bridge in the world, but it does hold the height record, standing an impressive 336.4 metres at its zenith. That's 25 metres taller than the Eiffel Tower.

Began in 2001 and completed in 2005, the Millau spans a 2.5 kilometre gorge, using the flecks of the Tam valley. Bidding the masonry fitting Paris and Barcelona, its pioneering form bears testament to the Anglo-French collaboration of its birth. Upon completion, Foster quickly altered to its battery-like defunct, whilst lordly master Jacques Gauthier could only exclaim, "Baff".

The Millau is a cable-stay bridge that consists of a web of steel attached to seven vertical pillars, and weighs in at 36,000 tonnes. Its innovative construction cost £272 million, but it's expected to recoup this outlay through toll rates.

Its creation heralded a new age of open technology. Temporary supports were initially created below the deck - cut using automated plasma machines operating at 28,000°C (four times hotter than the centre of the Earth) and robotic welders - were used across joints by satellite-guided hydraulic rams, ensuring a perfect mid-way meeting. The sides thus crept together 60 centimetres every four minutes until completion, at which point someone presumably supervised the edges.

The Millau consists of 127,000 cubic metres of concrete, 19,300 metric tonnes of steel, and 5,000 metric tonnes of pre-stressed concrete. Tough stuff, the construction company claims that the bridge will stand for at least 120 years,

weather permitting, but if it's anything like the Thailand Vadhut, it'll be closed for repairs come next winter.

Taipei 101 Taiwan

Mark's veracious appetite for land affected the birth of the skyscraper. With nowhere left to go, the only way was up, and such nations as such as New York's Flatiron Building (1892) and Chrysler Building (1931) were born. In 2003 the Taipei 101 followed.

Standing 509 metres tall, the 101, or Taipei Financial Center, comprises 101 above-ground stories of steel and glass. Designed by CY Lee & Partners, it echoes the traditional Chinese pagoda with its soaring-podium base, eight tiers of eight stories (right being the Chinese number for good luck), and a native pinnacle tower and spire - making it larger than the Petronius Towers in Kuala Lumpur.

In no time susceptible to earthquakes and typhoons, this is a bold project, but one which was carefully considered. A 730-ton ball-shaped demerit located near the apex counteracts the swaying, and keeps the occupants steady on their feet. However, 101's sheer weight (730,000 tonnes) is thought to have roused an ancient earthquake fault that may cause trouble in the future.

One such bone-shaker measuring 6.6 on the Richter scale struck during construction, destroying two concrete members on the growing shaft. Tragically, the crewmen ligged and killed five construction workers. New ones were sourced and enlisted, and Taipei was completed.

Typhoons are also a permanent threat, but they don't worry Lin Heng-ming, president of the Taipei Financial Centre Corporation. The 101 is designed to withstand winds of 60 metres per second, so, as Lin says, "If there's a flood, you are welcome to come and join us." Well, we're in the flood court.

As well as being the tallest skyscraper, its observation deck is also the highest in the world. Remember though, don't take the stairs. Two lifts (from a total of 61) serve most of the public transit traffic, exclaiming from the lobby to the observatory (floor 88) at almost 40mph - that's a 39 second trip, the sort of performance you'd want from lifts costing over £2,000,000 each. The construction of the tower itself had already set an impressive pace. At one point they were completing almost one entire floor per day. ■



DIRTY *PRETTY* THINGS

WOMEN OF POWER AND
KILLING: THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
OF THE YEAR 2015
AVAILABLE IN A NEW EDITION

F

rom palace to public prostitute, today's prostitutes are the first explicit sex off European tongues. But it wasn't always so.

In ancient Greece, they were earthly representatives of the gods, hetairai whose bodies were temples, and with whom sex was an act of religious worship.

In Rome, courtesans may have been low on a social level, but courtesans in Renaissance Italy were a different breed. Armed with wit and sizzling charm, these high-class hookers hung out with bankers, princes and merchants. They were novelists, poets, and like later-day Christine Keeler, engaged in political espionage: taking secrets from one pillow to the next. Veronica Franco, the sixteenth-century Venetian courtesan on whom the 1955 film *Dangerous Beauty* was based, was a populist heroine who pioneered a stream of scandalous salons devoted for themselves.

In France, the courtesan, middle-class girl who dined with the bourgeoisie, were immune from the law. But the dreamwalkers, sleeping together money for their families, kept off drunken scots who offered little more than a black eye and a healthy dose of herpes. So much for exotic.

In Britain in the Middle Ages, prostitution was a booming trade, and municipalities tapped licensed brothels as a powerful source of income. However, as sexually transmitted diseases (and prevent Protestants) took hold in the sixteenth century, brothels were closed throughout western Europe, and anyone caught debasing was severely punished.

Over the next 200 years, the laws fluctuated. Paris started registering its prostitutes and the professors picked up a steady and recognized flow that during the late nineteenth century efforts were made to control the international traffic. A congress in London in 1890 was followed by conferences in Amsterdam, London and Paris. The result was a system of national agencies that co-operated to stem the tide. In 1949, a convention for the suppression of prostitution was adopted by the UN General Assembly.

A

ccording to Home Office estimates, there are currently around 80,000 women in Britain working as prostitutes, and half of these are under 25. Regulations state that lone prostitutes can offer sex from flats without breaking the law, but if she brings a friend the two can expect to spend up to seven years in the pen. Almost £750 million is spent on the trade, costing the government £250 million a year in tax revenue.

Also isn't your usual teller's dog tag in ring (back to the bottom of media leader writers. A 25-year-old independent escort and sex worker in London, she has no intention of quitting her profession, and is riled over the government's didactic approach to prostitution. "No-one can show you a society where there is no prostitution," she says. "Where there is money it happens."

D

espite having been a sex worker for five years, she only tacitly sheds shreds of light on the job before explaining: "If a brotler you buy a time with a standard service, normally a massage and sex and then full sex." Rates are between £50 and £80 for 20 minutes, and a busy day would involve up to 10 clients interspersed with watching. There's on the TV net in a room, having showers and reading women's magazines. However, as the house always takes half the cash, anything between £300-£400 a day. Alice works independently with regular clients, or those recommended by word of mouth, and keeps the full, tax-free amount.

As an escort, she charges £250 an hour, and can easily slot in a 3-5pm booking, afternoon tea, small talk, then sex before leaving. That's Friday to Sunday, while the other four days of the week are given over to a straight job. Dark circles and a tired complexion give away this dual life.

Edie Murphy likes to pick up pre-pubescent transsexuals in the wee small hours on Sunset Boulevard, but what makes other men visit a lady of the night? Alice explains that she's their escape: an outlet to channel desires, fantasies and quirks. From one moment to the next she might be a mum, a lesbian with a saucy lover, or even the kind of role which makes her feel less comfortable. "I get people who want me to dress up in a schoolgirl's uniform, and that makes me feel weird because that's what paedophilia is. I'll ask 'How old are you?' and he'll say '12'. So I'll say 'Let's make me 16 for the sake of argument' but at the end of it I'll either they were here acting out with an adult than with a real 12-year-old."

Though willing to do anything that won't harm her health, she still draws the line at certain points: "I don't care about annoying on anyone—it's actually really hard to do on demand—and keep a straight face. But I have a problem with taking people close to death. I'm not in need of it, and I don't want a dead body on my hands."

Sometimes, when she's very lucky, Alvin's job doesn't involve sex at all. There was one guy who paid \$30 to let her be on the outside of my legs while I stood in my underwear. I didn't have to touch her, but I had to giggle." Of the others she says, "I often get young, good-looking men who are just quite boy and would rather guesser themselves sex at the end of the night." Then there are the stereotypes: "Men who cheat on their wives, but don't want to leave affairs because they'll get busted. I'm more discreet. I take my lipstick off. I don't wear heavy perfume. I won't show up on their doorstep and you don't develop an emotional relationship in any way."

The catch? "It's danger money. It's not just physically dangerous, it's mentally dangerous. You're living in a world that is so hostile towards prostitutes. You can't talk about it or discuss it with anyone, and you can't come home from a shift day and mull over it with your mum and dad. I started five years ago when I needed money. It didn't take long to decide I was happy to do it. It just took longer to do it well."

"I had an assumption that I'd do something wrong—that I'd run out of the room screaming or no longer feel like a woman, or something made me would break. But none of those things happened. You just slip into the role. I just have to separate my mind from my body, and my life."

But if sex is her life, surely it must be the last thing she wants back in the real world? Alvin shakes her head and destroys the myth: "It hasn't really changed my own emotional view of sex. I've had men and women in my life as partners for pleasurable sex as opposed to commercial sex. It's all down to dissociation. That's why you give yourself a different name when you do stories about your life, because that part of you is no longer you."

"I won't say I'm the same person I was five years ago. I have had some amazing sexual experiences with complete strangers in a pretty controlled environment and not been really drunk or sleep with my boyfriend's best friend. The anonymity can open up a lot of doors that you wouldn't normally venture through."

Her family have no idea about what she does, and they never will. A scattering of her friends know she is a sex worker, but that of constant efforts to save her and steer her, the revelation has been limited to a select few. "People judge you. They'll talk about sex then turn to you at a dinner table and say, 'Is that right?' People can't see past it."

She sighs, "I've pretty switched on and engaged in what's happening around me, which is why I get frustrated when I'm reduced to an item that is so loaded, emotive and ill-informed. I get angry when people assume that everyone who is a sex worker is fighting to get out of it. It's true in a lot of cases, but it works well for a lot of women."

"If the government weren't constantly trying to save you and people weren't always trying to interfere, it could be a simple job."

Theresa Burdick

Theresa Burdick is a 30-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 10 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients.

Claudia Drexler

Claudia Drexler is a 25-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 5 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients. She is also a mother of two children.

Heidi Pless

Heidi Pless is a 35-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 10 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients. She is also a mother of two children.

Henry Spungen

Henry Spungen is a 40-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 15 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients. She is also a mother of two children.

Drina Brown

Drina Brown is a 30-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 10 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients. She is also a mother of two children.

Pete Bakery

Pete Bakery is a 30-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 10 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients. She is also a mother of two children.

Melanie X

Melanie X is a 30-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 10 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients. She is also a mother of two children.

Sally Hubby

Sally Hubby is a 30-year-old, single mother who has been a prostitute for 10 years. She works for a local brothel and has a good relationship with her clients. She is also a mother of two children.

Whores!



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Forget your Marlene Light or B&B, the master of style looks for something a little more exclusive. We take our pick of the richest crop.

WORDS BY JONATHAN WILLIAMS

TREATMENT: Hand-produced from pure Virginia leaf, and therefore lacking the stems and veins found in the average cigarette. Treatments are also free of additives, including tar with extra mild taste and a smooth, mellow flavor. Unfortunately, they're the most expensive cigarettes available today. Launched in Dubai in 1990, these luxury smokes now go for up to \$26 a pack, and are made with 100 per cent Virginia tobacco blended to a strict, all-natural formula. However, as one customer commented, "They're a good smoke, but in the end, all you're doing is paying more for your cancer."

BROUZE. The adverse medical consequences of smoking tobacco have been studied intensively over the past 50 years. The consequences of smoking tobacco have not, thanks to science, that brand may have to be reversed. Originally released by the US Food and Drug Administration in 1965, Brouze has been purchased by its creator, Patient G. Tordani, now 82. Titled as "The Brouze Smoke," the cigarette ends using engine-treated tobacco leaves that are dyed, shielded and rolled. Described by Tordani himself as "tolerance" (as less than ringing endorsement) of his own product in the '70s Brouze was popular with jazz composer Charles Mingus and Babe Barry voice artist Matt Blane. So far sales of the re-launched Brouze have not lived up to their owners' boast that they are the "answer to the smoking problem".

Death. Cigarettes will kill you. This unvarnished truth had long been ignored by the industry until, in 1981, The Kingstons Tobacco Company released Death cigarettes. A reaction to recently introduced advertising restrictions, Death cigarettes came in a black packet adorned by a striking skull and cross bones. Due to high taxation in the UK, the cigarettes were sold by mail order from Lutterbourn, a move that was

A filthy habit? Not in the hands of this lot.

Cheryl Willsie

Wilde smoked. And his legendary homophobia was generally punctuated by passive drags on what were often optically smoked cigarettes. The author delighted in smoking at inappropriate times and caused a stir when he smoked on stage smoking on the opening night of *Lady Windermere's Fan*. Elsewhere Wilde didn't smoke, passed out or fell to his knees because he loved to Yummy so he pronounced. A cigarette is the perfect thing to do in perfect form. It is impossible not to become one when he's. What once could be a new world?

Marlboro Man

They point out, however, that the following information is at least of interest: told to testify that there were three R. A. HARRIS who were associated with the subject, one of which was said to be out

them fully covered in the bath. David Minkov, however, one of the original Mustang men in the 60s, was not of the faith. Minkov died in 1996 of cancer resulting from smoking and, in 1998 his widow filed a lawsuit against Philip Morris Inc. the tobacco firm behind the Mustang brand. Mr Minkov claimed that her husband's addiction was fuelled by smoking to scale up to five packs for just one photo. Despite repeated attempts by Minkov to get the case dismissed, the action remains in progress.

Jetson Design

[illegible]

successfully challenged by UK Customs and Excise, putting an end to their business in this country. However, during their short life, Death were popular for their morbid honesty and accompanying playing cards included in each pack. These cards featured a skeleton in a laudable pose – slogans which included ‘Smoking Is A Filthy And Discriminatory Habit’ and ‘Iron Lungs Are Not Cheap’.

Marlboro Blend. In the '50s, serious connoisseurs of certain meats and tastes smoked Marlboro of Grosvenor Street, London. The perfect blend of Balkan and Turkish tobaccos, they were a favorite of Commander James Bond and his companion Fleming. The author of the James Bond series of novels made for him by Marlboro, and like him, he had the good taste of the finest cigarette in the world. The reputation of commander Marlboro lasted 20 years ago to great admiration within London's smoking community, but Turkish blends remain famous in the tobacco industry as offering the strongest smoke around.

Red Apple. Smoke: Are you gettin' 'em, but ohhoooo are no one will ever get to sample one of Hollywood's favorite tobacco. Red Apple only exists in the smoke world created by Quentin Tarantino, and are enjoyed by Susan and Mia Wallace in *Pulp Fiction*, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers in *Four Stars*. Advertised by the Red Apple brand in the *Rolling Stone* and *KW* 108.0, it's a pack of 10 cigarettes with a green apple in *Open House*. The design features a browned apple with a smoking, smoking green waggot protruding from the core. Smoking is a recurring theme in all Tarantino movies and he is said to have created the brand (along with others like Big Kahuna) to minimize the amount of product placement obscuring the *Quentin's World* reality crucial to his movies. ■

in to the distance of cigarette hanging nonchalantly from his lips. He was known, in Hollywood as a particularly heavy smoker, and was depicted as such in many theatricals and interviews (one such portrait, gave rise to the false rumor that he took a nonstop cigarette break, in having cigarettes stacked out on his bed). Despite this, when the US postal service introduced used cigarette storage for a stamp in 1996, the cigarette was often the one used.

Marlene Dietrich.

Inferred thinking during the test: I have kept it all up even though I keep you terrified. The subject often stretched up in working himself for the information and why was it particularly (I defined) needed when George Galloway and Charles Bell became more interested in each other.

Another story remembered for iconic photographs of her smoking. Durruti, understandably, made her looks beautiful. In a famous scene from *Shanghai Express* Durruti sits in the dark smoking a cigarette with a light that casts that precious butterfly shadow.

Humphrey Bogart

[illegible]

FAG STATS.

1/10 > Proportion of worldwide adult deaths related to smoking illnesses. **2** > Position of smoking in global list of causes of death. **11** > Types of cancer caused by smoking (lung, bladder, mouth, throat, larynx, oesophagus, cervix, kidneys, pancreas, stomach, acute myeloid leukemia). **22%** > UK tobacco duty rate (cigarette). **23:1** > Ratio of tobacco industry ad expenditure versus state anti-tobacco spending in US. **50%** > Proportion of current smokers who will die from cigarette-related illnesses worldwide. **400** > Number of toxic substances in cigarettes. **700** > degrees centigrade at tip of lighted cigarette. **53,000** > Number of deaths of non-smokers per year from second-hand-smoke-related illnesses in US. **114,000** > UK smoking deaths per year. **5,000,000** > Worldwide deaths per year from smoking-related illnesses. **10,000,000** > Predicted worldwide deaths per year from smoking-related illnesses in 2020. **1.3 billion** > Worldwide smokers. **12.7 billion** > Dollars spent per year on tobacco advertising in the US. **206 billion** > Cost in dollars to tobacco industry of 1999 class-action settlement. **400 billion** > Value in dollars of global tobacco industry. **1 trillion** > Cigarettes shipped globally per year (estimated).

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Feel The Noise

BY SPICE EFFICACIOUS PATTERSON

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ARTISTS AT THE CUTTING EDGE OF MOVIES AND MUSIC COLLIDE? SOME OF THE MOST OUTLANDISH, VISIONARY AND DOWNRIGHT TERRIFYING SOUNDTRACKS OF ALL TIME. LIZZY GREY'S WILD WILD WILD WITH SOME OF THE BEST

Mick Jagger *Invocation Of My Demon Brother* (Kenneth Anger, 1969)

California-born filmmaker Kenneth Anger was the dark angel of the American '60s counterculture. Out homosexual, Tarot-obsessed occultist, and resembling silver-screen hellbabe responsible for infamous gothic babe Hollywood Babylon. In his spare time Anger practices filmmaking - an art he believed was "an evil force... its point is to exert control over people and events".

A sometime consort of the Rolling Stones, Anger was named as inspiration for "Sympathy For The Devil", a favor he returned by lending footage of the Stones' famous Hyde Park gig - filmed just days after the death of guitarist Brian Jones - to his 1969 short *Invocation Of My Demon Brother*.

Described by its maker as "an attack on the mainstream", *Invocation* is Anger's sense of sinister, magical attraction at its most fully realized: a nightmarish, fast-cut visual orgy of spinning Bionikles, Halle Angale neologisms, Vietnam war news reel and footage from an Occult ritual conducted by Anger and Church of Satan founder Anton LaVey.

The film's original score was shelved after the composer, Bobby Nessauzet, was jailed for his role in the Manson murders. Instead, the final soundtrack was penned by Mick Jagger, although few Stones fans will recognize old Izzy's lip-synch on this queasy 10-minute dose of primitive blasphe-mous and LSD-tripping loop echo.

A dedicated worshiper of the new pop culture, Anger has since been hailed as the founder of the music video, *Screamers* called him "a unique filmmaker, an artist of incredible imagination", claiming his use of pop music was a primary influence on film. Steven Soderbergh, meanwhile,

primarily knew how cold coffee-stirred to cold coffee-stirred, asking Rolling Stones bomber-jackets for \$100 a pop. Fine need his next synthesizer outing with... well, frankly, with absolutely no anticipation at all.

Throbbing Gristle *In The Shadow Of The Sun* (Derek Jarman, 1972; Throbbing Gristle score, 1981)

Throbbing Gristle's mission was less a musical operation than an all-out assault on society. Born out of radical performance art cell COUM, TG were the cosmic off-bro. The Associates made (sexed) flesh; orchestrating art events and live performances that reveled in self-mutilation, masturbation and defecation - an arsenal of perky tricks that saw Terry MP Nicholas Fairburn denounce them as "wreckers of civilization".

Musically, however, TG took things even further. Their debut album, *Second Annual Report* was "industrial music" in the sense that it literally emulated the grinding, relentless debasement of a factory, while the song "Hamburger Lady" seems unlikely to ever be co-opted to soundtrack a McDonalds advert, featuring as it does a rather unpleasantly graphic description of a burnt victim.

But *Throbbing Gristle* weren't just there for the nasty things in life.

Their friendship with Derek Jarman, the gay activist and filmmaker behind 1977's punk flick *Jubilee*, led to a long working relationship best experienced through TG's accompanying score to *In The Shadow Of The Sun*. Described by the filmmaker as "an English apocalypse, starting with a journey to the stone circle at Avebury near Stonehenge", it paired Jarman's down-like, slow-mo Super-8 images with a soundtrack that captured the industrial planners at their most extreme and ambient.



German would later make pop videos for Pet Shop Boys and The Goths. However, in 1988, he was diagnosed as HIV positive. The Braxator spent the final years of his life in a small cottage in a suburb of the quiet town of Dargrave, a nuclear power station, out in the single-street wilderness of the English south coast. His work, however, has been preserved. The cottage garden is surrounded by rhododendrons made from flowers and petals washed up on the coast; and *In The Shadow Of The Sun* was itself closed down by a reformed Throbbing Gristle a quarter-century on, and performed afresh at their show at the Berlin Volksbühne on New Year's Day, 2000.

David Bowie *Labyrinth* (Jim Henson, 1986)

Try everything once, so, presumably, goes the maxim that has guided David Bowie's career from the Laughing Gnome to cocaine-addled Nazi salute – and, indeed, from peerless pop genius to language-meets-cliché disaster – with equal parts rigidity and unpredictability.

At some point in the mid-80s, Bowie decided the next was a rite of passage to be torn up with the man behind The Muppet, adapt the persona of the Goblin King (and, let's say, a small child) while wearing a pair of leggings so tight it left few questions – particularly those concerning the question of length and girth – unanswered.

It was, so they say, a rare incoherent time – a fact confirmed by the soundtrack, where a suite of Bowie originals (most notably, wistful soft-rock regency *As The World Falls Down*) rub up against fantasy soundtrack fare from composer Trevor Jones and a chorus line of Orca, Gollum, and very probably (although we haven't checked) the Boy Of Eternal Silence. Mind you, viewed in the context of Bowie's '80s oeuvre – or more specifically, between those two pillars of selflessness that were *Dancing In The Street* and ill-conceived nose-rock band Tin Machine – it's actually pretty good. Fancy that.

Faust *Nosferatu* (original film by FW Murnau, 1922; *Faust Wakes Nosferatu* soundtrack 1997)

Faust Wakes *Nosferatu* marks the point where two pillars of Germanic modernism collapse into one. Born out of the anarchic flux of left-wing politics and revolutionary fervour sparked off across Europe by the Berlin student uprising of May '18, Faust was one of the first films

of a loose-knit German musical movement known as *Kreislerclub*, a group that merged the tools of American psychedelia rock with the apparatus of post-World War II economic regeneration, angle-grinders, road drills and cement mixers, scratched on stage with projectile vents of sparks and the shrill squeal of metal on metal.

Traditionally, soundtracks are supposed to be complementary effects, conceptions of sound that eddy and flow to enhance mood throughout a film's unfolding narrative. Faust, however, knew that FW Murnau's *Nosferatu* – a landmark in silent cinema that told the story of *Dracula* through the new cinematic language of German expressionism – succeeded in its disquieting aim just fine without accompaniment. Their soundtrack, then, attempts more to emulate *Nosferatu*'s sense of positive intention, crafting an assault on the senses that enhances the film's visual experience into the realm of outright terror.

And successfully, as it happens: a live performance at London's Royal Festival Hall in 2000 saw dedicated cinephiles flee their seats in terror. Murnau's film used as mere backdrop for a performance that included exploding fireworks, twisted metal and plumes of flame.

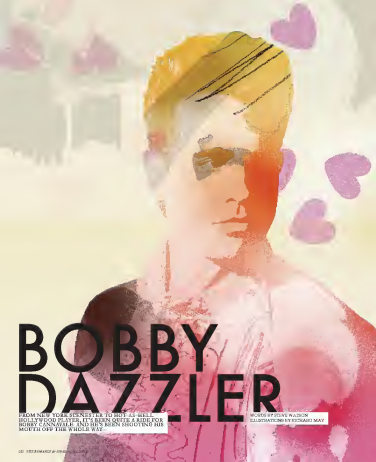
Kevin Shields *Lost In Translation* (Sofia Coppola, 2003)

Platonic of Irish dream-pop legends My Bloody Valentine, Kevin Shields was the exuberant behind songs like *To Her Know Where* and *Boon*, crystalline lullabies that bowed the least of feedback and used it to curiously entrancing ends.

However, after 1991's *Lovelace* was hailed as a new sonic manifesto, albeit one that cost Creation Records £500,000 in studio fees and owner Alan McGee his sanity, the famously errant Shields signed to new major label paymasters Island, delivered one song in cover, somewhat fortuitously, of *We Have All The Time In The World* and disappeared off the face of the earth.

Shields would resurface, sporadically, over the next decade: as touring guitarist for Primal Scream, as producer for a spate of second-rate indie bands like *The Beatings* and *Joy Zipper*. His return to the pop frame, however, was as sudden as it was unexpected.

Splitting acoustically, new chords of guitar evoke the sweeping pans and legged lull of Sofia Coppola's *Lost In Translation*, Shields' dawn, waking-dream style proved a eerie compliment to the film's evocative sense of miles from home dislocation. Meanwhile, one new song, *City Girl*, suggested that the Shields who so skillfully stroked your more delayed heartstrings might not be gone forever. Here's hoping. ■



BOBBY DAZZLER

FROM NEW YORK SCENESHIER TO HOT AS HELL HOLLYWOOD PLAYER, IT'S BEEN QUITE A RIDE FOR BOBBY CANNAVALE. AND HE'S BEEN SHOOTING HIS MOUTH OFF THE WHOLE WAY.

WORDS BY STEVE WADSWORTH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ECKHAUS MAY

A

sked to cast a glance back at his childhood in the early '60s, Bobby Connovale can put his finger on the film that made him want to become an actor. But it wasn't *Star Wars*, *Raiders* or any of the other movies that had boys across the western world blasting and whipcracking around the back garden. The film that fascinated Bobby was *Henry V*, Laurence Olivier's patriotic tale of conquest in foreign lands. Mixing theatre with cinema, and packed with contemporary references, the film was perfunctory by the British government as a piece of propaganda and roused Allied audiences around the world on its release in 1944.

"Wow. That movie really made me want to be an actor. I saw it when I was 10. That movie freaked me out. It's such a great movie. In the beginning they're all sort of overacting and then they become very natural. I remember being a kid and going 'Wow' because I had already started doing plays. To see the difference like that really affected me."

A hugely inventive mix of theatrical play and cinematic reality, it's easy to see parallels between *Henry V* and Connovale's latest, *Romance & Gogolitis*. Oliver's movie begins with an aerial shot of Elizabethan London, referencing the bombed-out cities original audiences saw in newsreel footage. Characters are introduced on stage in a period rendering of the Globe, but they move off the stage and into the world of cinematic reality. The battle scenes include a cavalry charge that could have come straight out of the westerns, and as the game-playing scenes go on.

Henry V. Wow! That movie freaked me out.

There are no changing lights in *Romance & Gogolitis*, but director John Turturro indulges in a similar cocktail of styles and influences: with references to musicals, Greek tragedy and pop culture all packed onto the screen. Unrestrained by the limits of realism, the actors can indulge in the sort of "overacting" that is more often associated with the stage, and that so caught Connovale's eye in *Henry V*.

Like Turturro and Gogolitis, Connovale started out in the theatre. If the starline were to be believed, his mother had him sign up to after-school drama classes to keep him off the streets and out of trouble in the tough New Jersey neighbourhood where they lived. After moving away to Florida and finishing high school he moved back to New Jersey to be near the New York theatre scene. Scrapping his way up through the ranks, he worked dead-end jobs as bouncer or barman by night and read for casting directors during the day. He didn't opt for formal training at drama school, and instead left it with the crowds of other aspirant actors hawking New York's theatres in the late '60s, looking for any role that would get him in front of an audience.

His first break came serving as a reader for the prestigious but now defunct Circle Repertory Theater, a New York institution that has been home to such heavyweights as John Malkovich, William Hurt, Kathy Bates and Alec Baldwin. He describes his years there as his education, giving him the experience and appetite to take on a range of roles in more recent years. Turturro, for example, used techniques from the theatre to prepare his actors for their roles in *Romance*. "I made them do silly games and exercises, which they never do," he explains. "They were mortified but you want to get them to be free." The techniques clearly worked on Connovale, who shines in the film as Fryburg, a high-kicking, cock-shaking Romeo who camps it up to the extreme in his pursuit of Betty (Marilyn Moore).

Just one of many references to popular culture in the film, Fryburg's high camp will resonate with some audiences as a pastiche of Connovale's Emmy-nominated role as WB's Truman's boyfriend in *Will & Grace*. For while he constantly returns to the theatre for examples of roles that he is proud of, Connovale first caught middle America's eye in 1998 playing lovelorn perennial Robert "Bobby



Caffey in the hospital drama *Third Watch*. The show propelled Cannavale into *Aspen* co-living rooms, and while he maintains that "there's a lot of luck involved in television," he has successfully scored roles in a string of hits, including *Six Feet Under*, *Sea and the City* and *Jilly Madshaw*.

His first foray into the movies came in 1998 when he appeared as "Parking Lot Customer" in *I'm Not Rappaport*, a film starring an ageing Walter Matthau. In 1994 he married Jenny Lunset, daughter of Sidney Lunset, and he had small parts in *Night Falls on Manhattan* and *Gloria* in the late '80s, both directed by his father-in-law. However, the breakthrough came in 2003 with *The Station Agent*, a quiet and touching tale of three misfits written and directed by Cannavale's long time friend Tom McCarthy.

A low-budget movie shot back in New Jersey, the cast was composed of old friends from the New York theatre scene, and their camaraderie and sense of community shines out of the film. The part of Joe, the loudmouthed but lonely coffee vendor was written especially for Cannavale with his input, and the result is a character that lives and breathes. While Cannavale will concede to being just an talkative as Joe, he attributes the natural acting to McCarthy's amiable approach, with the actors spending time together and improving on set despite a tight budget and deadline: "It wasn't just 'come and play this part,' everybody loved it. They'd get in their car and come out to New Jersey for a day and shoot those parts. I think that's a hard thing to get anywhere else, especially LA." And it shows: the film's three main characters are wrapped in their own loneliness and isolation, but scenes glow with warmth and a genuine sense of friendship that adds an extra depth to their shared experiences.

The Station Agent won the Audience Award at the 2003 Sundance Film Festival, and went on to receive widespread acclaim. Suddenly the scripts were pouring in, but the men who come of age at the Cruise Reg refused to take on anything that didn't interest him, landing 16 of the 20 scripts that arrived each day as "totally unimpeachable, total garbage." Of course the increased exposure did have its benefits, and actors he had long admired began approaching him to speak about his work; people like Steve Buscemi, Stanley Tucci and Mike Nichols congratulated him. Inspired by such luminaries he began working out the next move.

I wanna be that guy who people mention and they don't know who you're talking about.

Speaking to *Film Front* Central in 2003, he outlined his aims for the next few years: "I just want different parts, I wanna be that guy who people mention and they don't know who you're talking about until you say a few movies they've been in and then people are amazed that it's the same person. Guys like Paul Giamatti, Phil Hoffman.

"I'd love to work with Almodovar, with Jim Jarmusch – yeah man, and Alexander Payne, I really dig him, man. I wanna work with people who love movies, with Miguel Arteta and the Weitz Brothers, Mike White, Wes Anderson, the Coen Brothers. Yeah man, that knowledge that love is obvious and infectious and I really want to be a part of that vibe."

As in the earlier years when he was working the doors and bars of New York to earn a crust, he claims not to care about the money involved. "You audition for so much shit, and if it's the and you can get a good movie that tells a good story, well, it's all there is and enough. I think there will always be people who are incapable of writing the big Hollywood film and these are the people that I want to work with – people like me who are just incapable of sitting down and watching *Armageddon*."

He's clearly not about to limit himself to the leftfield though: as proven by 2006's *Shall We Dance*, a romantic comedy with Richard Gere and Jennifer Lopez that gave him exposure to a wider audience than *The Station Agent*. With *Renovata & Cigarettes* he has returned to the more theatrical repertory that have driven his career from the beginning, and with a long list of illustrious directors in his sights he is set to explore his range even further. ■

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The Capitalist Creeper

WORDS BY MATT WOODWARD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DALE WILKINSON

*The tobacco industry is worth
some \$400 billion a year. With
so much to fight for, it's bound
to get ugly.*

5

Singapore, April 1995: Tommy Chai had been missing for three days when they found his corpse – a sudden red speck floating in the greyish din of the harbor. The body was scarred with the evidence of vicious torture, but the pathologist's report indicated that Chai was still alive when he was thrust in a laundry sack and drowned.

Washington, October 2001: The terrorist attacks were a blessing in disguise. Facing multiple allegations of racketeering, corruption, fraud and money laundering, Big Tobacco was against the ropes. The Financial Anti-Terrorism Act – soon to be sweepily renamed The Patriot Act – looked like the end. It was time to call the White House.

Bogotá, October 1996: Jos Manuel Acosta Carrasosa was not used to being threatened. But he listened. The Executive Director of the Columbia Federation of Departments was told that he needed to understand that Philip Morris was lobbying hard for an aid package. That the aid package would benefit all Colombia. That the only position they could foresee was the troubling matter of a lawsuit, a lawsuit being aggressively pursued by his office. This, he was told, was not in the Department's best interests. As he turned to leave, Philip Morris Vice President, J Armando Sobalvarro, quietly suggested that should it continue, there would be blood.



4.L

From the slums of Surrey to the asphalted highways of Latin America, Big Tobacco is the creepier in the capitalist jungle. A \$400 billion a year global giant concentrated in the hands of three major players – British American Tobacco, Philip Morris and RJ Reynolds – its influence reaches from the top tables of Anglo-American government to the poorest heart of crime in the world's most damaged economies. Its story is one of corruption, manipulation, fraud and violence. Big Tobacco starkly reveals a crime ranging from abetting terrorism to co-opting Colombia's drug cartels. So why are they yet to face prosecution?

Money, inevitably, is the root of this evil. In effect, there are two tobacco industries: one is a legal player whose global product provides funds which pay for health care, schools and social infrastructure; the second is a darker, dirtier side.

Over one billion 'sticks' are shipped worldwide each year, up to one third of these are smuggled. Tobacco taxes raise the price of imported cigarettes to give home-grown markets a competitive advantage. To fight this, the tobacco companies created a parallel service in smuggled cigarettes. Using back door distribution channels pioneered by the drugs trade, they ensured a steady and affordable supply of their own brands. This 'brown' business is run through local offices or subsidiaries, giving the parent companies plausible deniability should anybody get caught. But documents released to the public after a \$200 billion state settlement in 1996, revealed that this trade was planned and discussed at the highest levels. In Colombia alone it is estimated that the trade in black market cigarettes has cost the government \$500 million over the last decade.

It has also led to the legitimisation of gangsters and drug-runners in a violent black market network controlled by tobacco companies. It's the collateral damage of these networks that leads to places like Singapore harbour.

Tommy Chai was a businessman, though far from respectable. As a director of Great Inland Limited, the distribution arm of BAT's Hong Kong operation, he was a major player in an \$8 billion blockbuster smuggling trade. Employing a corrupt official from the Customs and Excise Department, Chai would release cigarettes from a government bonded warehouse, load them on to a truck then switch the driver. The cigarettes were taken to a timber yard in the new territories where they were concealed in hollowed-out wooden beams and smuggled out of the country.

The problem for Chai was that he'd been sidetracked during this by Hong Kong's Independent Commission Against Corruption. It didn't take long to convince him to become the ICAC's star witness in a case that implicated two major trade societies, as well as Jerry Lai, a senior staffer from BAT (HK) Ltd who stood accused of pocketing part of a \$10 million bribe. Lai fled the country, as did Chai's co-directors, Wing Wah Hung and Tse-Jen Cheng. Cheng would later commit suicide, while Lai was extradited from the US and sentenced to over three years in prison. He was later released on a technicality. Not that Chai lived to see any of it.

He was abducted from his car by five members of the Wo Dai Lok, who left three keys behind to symbolise the breaking of a trial bond. The dingy belts which weighed down the laundry sack were eerily arranged. Police reports suggested that the body was deliberately allowed to float to the surface – a warning against further betrayal.

The trade wasn't the only organised crime society implicated in tobacco smuggling. In 2003, Neapolitan Massimo Gersardo Cuomo testified that he had had the personal backing of Montenegrin president Milo Djukanovic in an operation that brought RJR cigarettes across the Adriatic sea into the EU. Working alongside the local mob, the customs, Cuomo had been guaranteed an exclusive distribution licence by Djukanovic. In return for a hefty cut. The president, a protégé of alleged war criminal Slobodan Milosevic, is still protected by his diplomatic immunity.

Think this kind of thing only happens in the war-torn remnants of Eastern Europe? In the US, Republicans have received £2 per cent of political contributions made by tobacco companies since 1997. That's over \$15 million. This kind of generosity has its price, and it's one being paid by the American people.

flowing a billion dollar back-bay bill from Congress, an array of federal and international provisions, and put on the back foot by the Patriot Act (which expanded the definition of money laundering and allowed cases brought by foreign governments to be tried by US legal standards), the tobacco companies came in a few favours. Enter Michael Haley, then Chairman of the House Financial Services Committee.

Haley removed Section 107(b) from the Patriot Act, the section that would have allowed the US Justice Department to pursue its case against the tobacco giants. According to Congressman Henry Waxman, "The tobacco companies didn't care that in striking that provision they might have opened the American people to greater risk of... funding terrorist groups that might attack our people." That done, he added an amendment that specifically blocked any possibility of a US court hearing a claim for damages from a foreign government. The bill passed through the House on October 17th, the day an anthrax scare came close to causing a mass evacuation.

Democrats in the Senate needed with courage. Haley's amendment was read, but Section 107(b) wasn't reinstated. According to one insider, "What was left out was far more important than what was not put in." A year later four Arab immigrants confessed to sending the profits of cigarette smuggling to their contacts in Hezbollah, while fourteen others went on trial in North Carolina charged with aiding and abetting a terrorist organisation.

Before we get too smug it's worth remembering that in the UK, Ken Clarke, a director of BAT who blames national governments for creating their own smuggling problems, has fought three Tory leadership contests. And in 2001 the senior Middle Eastern diplomat in London, His Excellency Eissa Saleh al-Gurg of the United Arab Emirates, was embroiled in a smuggling scandal that employed more of Clarke's colleagues. This, however, pales in comparison to the situation in Colombia.

The province of La Guajira in a dual-choked phantom zone on a tortuous transit route that feeds the local market with illegal goods. These goods are moved by the local Way'uu tribe, who work alongside the tobacco companies, evading local tariffs and supplying Colombia's ubiquitous kiosks with a steady stream of smokes.

In less than 10 years, Colombia's tobacco industry was decimated, and as the amount of hectare dedicated to tobacco leaf shrank, many farmers made the only decision available to them: they switched their crop to coca. When faced with the evidence of smuggling, the tobacco companies – while disavowing all knowledge – blamed high import taxes for the problem, and lobbied hard to get taxes reduced. By the mid '90s these profits had dropped substantially.

Eventually, the government and the industry came to an understanding, and with an arrangement struck, the illegal imports came to an abrupt stop. While the Colombian authorities breathed a sigh of relief, there was bitterness in La Guajira, where unemployment among the Way'uu rose by 20 per cent. Said one, "They didn't need us any more. They owe us a lot of money."

A local Guajira report from the late '90s, supported by the investigations of a field team from the Treasury's Financial Crimes Enforcement Unit, concluded that one of the major factors of the tobacco smuggling epidemic was its close ties to the huge profits being made by Colombian drug cartels. In the US, Marco-dollars from the Sterns were used to acquire illegal cigarettes which were transferred through Caribbean tax havens and sold back to Colombians as part of a bewilderingly complex money-laundering scheme.

The investigation was carried out despite strong opposition in political quarters. That's no surprise in a system where one governor, Santo Lopez, is known as 'The Marlboro Man' and where co-president Ernesto Samper received \$500,000 in campaign funds from Philip Morris. Former Minister of Trade Martha Lucia Ramirez was also on the company's payroll.

Everybody knows that smoking kills, but that doesn't mean it's only the cigarettes you should be afraid of. ■

Who's Who

Philip Morris International

Revenue: \$64.1 billion (Global)
Operating Income: \$6.6 billion
Market Share: 14.9% (Global)
Brands: Marlboro, Red, Chesterfield,
Salem, L&M, Parliament, Virginia Slims

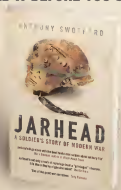
Reynolds American Inc

Revenue: \$13.5 billion (US)
Operating Income: \$463 million
Market Share: 30% (US)
Brands: Camel, KOOL, Winston,
Salem, Dunhill, Lucky Strike

British American Tobacco

Revenue: \$10.2 billion (Global)
Operating Income: \$2.8 billion
Market Share: 16.4% (Global)
Brands: V&T, Rothmans, Winfield,
John Player

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Marriage Meltdown

HOLLYWOOD CONQUERED THE WORLD WITH THE MYTH OF THE GOLDEN ROMANCE, BUT BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, SOME OF ITS BIGGEST STARS ENJOINED DRASTIC LOVE LIVES. WE TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE TURNS SORE.

WORDS BY SCOTT CHARTWELL
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JILL ZEP GARDWOOD

Judy Garland and David Rose, Vincente Minnelli, Sid Luft, Mark Herron and Mickey Deans.

Others checked so many notches on the ring finger, but when it comes to a combination of bad luck, bad decisions, bad drugs and bad husbands, Judy Garland blasted a trail all the way down the yellow brick road.

Even before *The Wizard of Oz* made her America's rosy-cheeked sweetheart, Garland's had been a torrid life. From a young age she suffered vicious psychological abuse from her mother, Ethel, and lived on a diet of uppers and downers to meet the demands of the grueling studio-life circuit. Perhaps the only man she ever really loved was her father, Frank, a homosexual (some say a pedophile) who died in 1935. The rest of her life was a search for his replacement.

Up first was David Rose, composer and divorcee. In their two short years together Judy managed a secret abortion before Ethel forced her to terminate the marriage. After two affairs and two false pregnancies, first with married boxer Al Tyrone Power, then with Joe Markiewicz (whose wife was in a mental institution at the time), Judy settled on Vincente Minnelli as husband number two in 1945.

Her first gay husband, Minnelli was notoriously effeminate, and though he fathered Judy's first child, Lisa, she kept seeing something down almost immediately. Suffering from post-natal depression, Judy returned to work in *The Mirror*, a financial disaster for MGM. She fell in love with co-star Gene Kelly (who she suspected of having an affair with Vincente), lost her studio contract as well as control of her drug habit, attempted suicide twice and eventually admitted herself to a sanatorium. The marriage frayed on until 1950.

Enter Sid Luft, husband number three. Their 11-year union was a rollercoaster: Luft was a sham, a hustler, a screenwriter who once called Judy "a drunken bitch" and, according to Buddy Bregman, punched her across the stage of a Brooklyn gig to return. Judy slashed her throat and, after her



mother's death in 1953, her wife. Though she hit the top again with *A Star Is Born*, she was dogged by drugs and debt, finishing with Luff after a CBS comeback bombed.

Desperate and alone, Judy hitched herself to her ex-husband's number two, Mark Herron. In a shotgun ceremony in Vegas in 1965. Perhaps her most audacious mistake of all, the marriage only lasted a few months, just long enough for Judy's daughter Lisa to catch Herron in bed with her own husband, Peter Allen. Weeks later, after a frantic late-night phone call from Judy, replacement Peter Lawford rushed to the marital home to find her face swollen by a razor blade. She claimed Herron had assaulted her, but her maid later admitted to Lawford that the cuts were self-inflicted.

With Herron out of the picture came Mickey Deans—perhaps the only husband to escape with some semblance of his reputation, if only because Judy was so far over the rainbow by this point, there was little damage left to do. Judy, on hard drugs and hearing voices, DID end died at her home in Chelsea on June 21st 1983, barely six months after her 68th wedding day.

Lynn Redgrave and John Clark

...there's nothing quite like keeping it in the family. The divorce of actress Lynn Redgrave from husband John Clark made the headlines in 1984 when it was revealed that Clark had fathered an illegitimate son.

After 12 years of marriage, Clark decided to drop the bombshell that their grandson, Zachary, was actually his own child, the illegitimate offspring of an affair with Redgrave's personal assistant-turned-daughter-in-law, Nicolette Hannah.

Hannah's marriage to Lynn and John's eldest son, Ben, was short-lived, but the scandal regarding the mysterious paternity of her child from a 'previous relationship' was continued. It was only when Clark reportedly demanded that Hannah keep contact with Zachary, prompting her to file a restraining order against him, that his adultery was uncovered. Worried that she would go to the press and tell her story, Clark told his family the truth over Thanksgiving dinner: "Love the turkey, Lynn. By the way."

The subsequent divorce was drawn out and messy. It was followed by a second court case in 2001 after continued financial wrangling over a \$348,000 cottage in L.A. that had allegedly been signed over to Nicolette and Zachary for tax purposes without Lynn Redgrave's knowledge. Her malignant bed laid continued when she was diagnosed with breast cancer the following year.

Clark claims to be sorry about his ex-wife's illness, but he remains unrepentant about his affair. Just months after being exposed, he dismissed their divorce as a "flirt" on US television, stating, "I think we're just a little bit far off this nonsense—I love you. Settle down and lighten up!" That's right, John. It's all bullshit.

Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher

...MGM sweetheart Debbie Reynolds and teen sensation Eddie Fisher were the celebrity gossip of their generation. Their romance in the early '60s blew magazines and dampened the conversation of adolescent America.

Dubbed the "Jewish Shogun," Fisher moved with Reynolds to Hollywood after their much publicized marriage in 1955. Here he hoped his acting career would flourish and propel him into film. The gamble paid off and in 1956

On Valentine's Day, 1992, Farrow sent Allen a silk heart with a knife plunged in the middle.

Debbie and Edie appeared opposite each other in his debut, *Banquet for Jay*. Later that year, their own bundle, daughter Carrie, was born.

Now established in the Hollywood star system, the couple became friends with fellow high profiles: Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Todd. In 1956, when Debbie gave birth to a son they named first Todd in honour of Taylor's husband. Shortly after this birth Michael was killed in an aeroplane accident.

Quitting L.A. turned to her best friends for support – only to get a little more than she bargained for. While Debbie took care of L.A.'s children, Edie became more than an emotional crutch to the merry widow. By the end of the year the adulterous affair had become journalistic fodder in the very magazines that had led the couple over the sunny couple at the beginning of their relationship.

In a memorable interview on American television in 1958, Taylor openly spoke of her need to move on, stating: "Mike's dead, and I'm alive. What do you expect me to do... sleep alone?" Obviously not, especially when, by her own account, Edie was the greatest of the many lovers she ever had.

This famous love triangle resulted in divorce for Edie. In 1958 and a subsequent marriage to Liz (before he was publicly humiliated and dumped for Richard Burton). Though Peter was ruined, the scandal press coverage rejuvenated Reynolds' career, making her next three films instant hits. Both women played their part to enthusiastically – Taylor as the femme fatale and Debbie as the innocent victim, a scenario that continues to sell movies today. Penelope and Nicole, Angelina and Jennifer anyone?

Woody Allen and Mia Farrow.

Although Woody and Mia never married, their split is one of the most famous in Hollywood's gloriously bewky history.

Despite living in separate homes either side of Central Park, their relationship lasted 12 years and spawned 13 films. Mia already had three children from her previous marriage to composer André Previn, and had adopted three others. The brood increased to seven during her time with Allen after the couple adopted two more.

The relationship dissolved in a spectacularly bitter break-up in 1992. After finding news photographs of her (and André's) adopted daughter Soon-Yi Previn in Allen's Upper East Side apartment, Farrow suspected that she was being seduced. But at the age of 21, Soon-Yi was very much a consenting adult. In fact the two had fallen in love, a scenario perhaps predicted in Allen's 1960 book, *Side Effects* where he writes, "I am in love with two women, not a terribly uncommon problem. That they happen to be mother and child? A little more challenging!"

On Valentine's Day 1992, Farrow reportedly sent Allen a silk heart with a

knife plunged in the middle, representing the broken nature of her own bond with her mother and daughter. An infamous custody battle saw both sides hurl accusations of physical and emotional harm against the other. Children Amid the torrent of press attention surfaced rumors of child abuse against Farrow and Allen's biological daughter Dylan, though the claim that she was sexually molested was strongly denied by Allen and found unsubstantiated by the courts.

Farrow won custody of their three children, with all unsupervised visits banned. She even went as far as changing the names of her son Satchel to Seanan, and daughter Dylan to Stella. In 1997 Woody Allen (62) and Soon-Yi (27) married in Venice, a marriage that his former family are yet to accept.

Ethel Merman and Ernest Borgnine.

The short-lived marriage between *Annie Get Your Gun* star Ethel Merman and actor Ernest Borgnine may be the most bizarre and explosive relationship of them all.

After three failed marriages and a bitter split from co-star Fernando Lamas which played itself out in public on the Broadway stage (Lamas would give his mouth in front of the audience after kissing her), Merman met and married Ernest Borgnine on June 26, 1964. The truth behind the disastrous 32 days that followed reflects the stuff of myth and legend.

In an interview with the British Film Institute, Borgnine claimed it all started going wrong on their honeymoon. After a ceremony in Borgnine's back yard, a honeymoon in Hawaii followed where (as he said) Ethel grew increasingly agitated at the lack of attention from members of the public who passed her by in order to talk to him, then fiasco as room-com putz Mervyn The Broadway celebrity had been trumped by the silver screen star, and life in Hawaii didn't live it. After 32 days of intense jealousy, arguments and rage, Borgnine departed with a curt, "Madam, bye!" and the couple divorced on July 26, 1964.

Rumors spread in the press and amongst friends of Merman's alleged bisexuality, culminating in an affair with pulp novelist Jacqueline Susann. Others have suggested that Borgnine tormented Merman with oral trials, most notably the infamous "Dutch Oven" where he was able to "bump" Merman yet again, this time in a more literal sense by trapping her under the bedclothes and forcing her to breathe in his toxic gases.

Though there were dark hints that Borgnine got so drunk on his wedding night that he failed to perform his most important new duty, Merman's story is less convincing. In her autobiography, she felt the need to divorce a whole chapter to her fourth marriage. It consisted of one crapp, blank page. ■



Kiss Me Like You Love Me

Photography by
Sam Christmas
Styling by
Heather Whyley

hair
makeup
photographer assistant
styling assistant

model

location

SHANE ELLIOTT, SHANE ELLIOTT, SHANE ELLIOTT (SHANE ELLIOTT)
JANEY GILBERT (JANEY GILBERT) AND SHANE ELLIOTT
PAUL W. L. GILBERT
JANE ELLIOTT

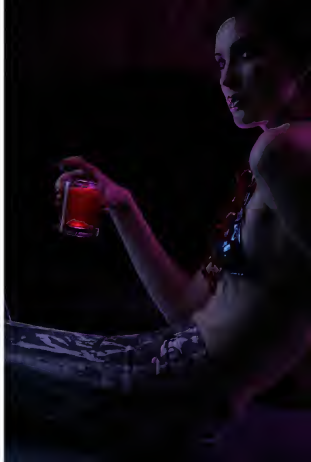
SHANE ELLIOTT

SHANE ELLIOTT



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM
SANDERS FOR THE NEW YORK
TIMES MAGAZINE

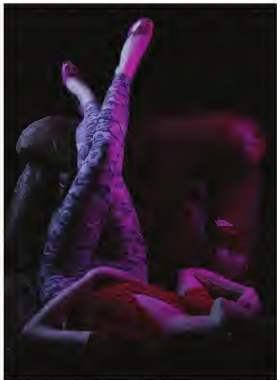
LEFT: JAMES VAN DER BEEK
RIGHT: JAMES VAN DER BEEK







LEFT: LAYING IN AMERICAN APPAREL
WITH TATTOOS
RIGHT: HANGING IN NEW YORK
NIGHTS
WITH TATTOOS



Big Pimpin'

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM LINTZ AND STEVE

Agent Provocateur did the unthinkable. The superlative lingerie label brought high-class erotic sophistication to Britney's wardrobe, introducing us to the search of romance.

On the other side of the Atlantic, however, a different side to sex and fashion breeds.

There exists a world of men wearing long silk fur coats, brown velvet suits, gold chains, jewel-encrusted chloves, fancy smoking canes, wide-brimmed hats and alligator shoes. It's ghetto fabulous, darling. It's pimp fashion.

Although the style's precise origins are hard to trace, macho-laddies of *The Game* have somehow managed to strut their way to fame, pimps have gone from the lowest of the low to take their place as fitted pop culture heroes.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in hip-hop, where artists like Snoop Dogg, Too Short, and self-proclaimed "motherfuckin' P-I-M-P" 50 Cent, have built careers and boosted record sales by celebrating the lifestyle.

Hip-hop tributes to the pimp game help glorify the profession. But this is no musical innovation: "Pimpin'" belongs to the movies. The popularity of the mask among those driving the multi-billion dollar rap industry can be explained by a generation of rappers growing up on one diet of '70s blaxploitation films, the moment when a substitute went mainstream.

Blaxploitation flicks like *The Mack*, *Superfly*, and *Wall* glorified the pimp's lifestyle of money, girls and clothes. Pimp fashion's flamboyant urban sleaze became entrenched in the public consciousness and a stereotype was born. Both Snoop and Too Short extend to being mesmerized by the flashy success of the blaxploitation pimp, and buying into the image.

Or as Snoop put it: "When I started seeing those '70s movies, [it] helped me to more or less pick who I wanted to be in life, how I wanted to be in life, how I wanted to represent me." Pimp fashion's future was secured, a negative stereotype inverted into something to strive towards, and a pimp's trappings became the ultimate sign of success.

And now that today's proponents of pimp culture are flashing their cash, filling their videos with subservient beauties, and selling the mask's lifestyle as the new American Dream, another generation may be set to buy into that fantasy. Because let's face it, pimps are the ultimate dreamboats. ■

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A L.A. Live review will not be what and by any paradoxical rule. Just as movies are about more than the two hours you spend sitting in the cinema, our reviews are a chance to talk about much more than the immediate experience of the film in question. There are many different aspects of the movie-going experience and we will embrace them all.

Anticipation

Over several six months for a home office behemoth! Read a book that you loved and nervously watched the adaptation. Been pleasantly surprised by an off-the-radar independent. Anticipation plays a crucial role in your reaction to a movie. Rather than ignore it, we think it should be measured and acknowledged as part of the movie-going experience.

Marked out of 5

Enjoyment

All other things aside, how did you feel for those two hours? Were you glued to your seat? Did the film speak to your soul? Was it upsetting, disappointing, or just plain boring? Were you even bored?

Marked out of 5

In Retrospect

Great as your live with you; you carry them around whenever you go and the things they say shape the way you see the world. Did this movie take away or give every moment burned into your retina? Was it a quick fix action flick, good for a lazy Sunday afternoon? Or the first day of the rest of your life? Did you leave it with a fury only to fall in love with a passion? Or did that first love leave every film a distant memory?

Marked out of 5

For space age, multimedia fun (check out the trailers from 16 of this issue's cinema releases on your favorite DVD...)

CHAPTER FOUR. IN WHICH WE DISCUSS THE LATEST FILM RELEASES

THREE BURIALS

WRITTEN BY
JAMES LEE JONES
SCREENPLAY BY
JAMES LEE JONES, PETER PETERLIN
AND GUY CARLISLE

CASTING BY
JAMES LEE JONES

When Mexican

vigilante, Melipalides Estrada (Julio Cesar Cedillo), is suddenly killed by trigger-happy border patrolman Mike Norton (Berry Pepper), and dumped in the first ditch this side of the Rio Grande, best friend Pete Perkins (Tommy Lee Jones) knows what needs to be done. He tracks down the officer who killed him, makes him disinter the body and forces him to embark on a voyage of biblical proportions across the border and deep into the Mexican high desert. Their goal: to fulfill Melipalides' final wish by burying him in his hometown of Jimenez, Chihuahua, Mexico.

A poetic journey through the

absurdities of a world separated by arbitrary lines drawn on a map, *Three Burials* is more than reminiscent of Faulkner's *Az and Laidying*. In *Paradise*, floods, fire, injuries and mental breakdown plague a family's efforts to bury the maternal in her hometown. In *Three Burials*, Pete Perkins Norton and Melipalides' corpse climb mountains, cross rivers, and traverse the high plains while being pursued by the authorities. Throughout the journey, Norton is made to look after the body which was lugged by the sun, desecrated further into the unrecognizable wastes of rotting flesh.

Like Faulkner, Jones is a

southerner and knows a Texas border town like few directors do. Here, cowboys, pans, shockingly watering holes and the cultural prison of small town USA all reign supreme, making its credible pastiche of the old Wild West. The fact that most of the film was shot on location on Jones' own ranch certainly couldn't hurt.

The screenplay by Guillermo Arriaga, of *Amores Perros* and *21 Grams* fame, is typically nonlinear, jumping back and forth as he meticulously glues this immigrant's afterlife together. Along the way, the film does a good job of demystifying the illusion that there's a better life across the

border. Its subversive message is clear: the stupid, the ugly, the beautiful and the farmers have no passport, country or home. In the end, the if or not, we're all pretty much the same. *Three Burials*

ANTICIPATION: Cop Rick Jones (Tommy Lee Jones) behind the camera for the first time. **Plus:** Fear

Enjoyment: Death and darkness mixed with compassion and care. **Plus:** Fear

In Retrospect: Is national borders holding us in a dream world? **Plus:**



An interview with Dave McKean, director of *MirrorMask*

LWL: So are you pleased with the film?

McKean: There are bits in it that I am very happy with that were very close to what we had in mind. There's one awful lot in it that we did from scratch, but it's precious having regrets.

LWL: What was the writing process like?

McKean: Bill Gutter and I stayed at Lene [daughter of Joel Hensen] house in London for a couple of weeks to get on top of the script which we looked at together. During that time, Terry Gilliam came to visit us, which was great. He pointed us on the head and said that our piece of paper looked like a film, which at the time was a tremendous compliment.

LWL: Ninety per cent of the film uses film screens - was that difficult to work with?

McKean: Oh, lots of it are easy and lots of it are difficult. The easy thing is that there's nothing to light so we could crank through 50 to 50 wet ops a day. The difficulty for the actors is that they're not looking at anything.

LWL: Stephenie Lee's camera work is very well.

McKean: Yes, she's had a few small roles as kids. Just before we shot *For Sally* before and she's done a few things for television. I knew that we needed someone who was experienced because it was such a technical shoot. She would have to imagine all these machines that go up in front of the camera and play them out.

LWL: Could the actors ever improvise?

McKean: Obviously there was a script and a plan. With as much of what would be on the head when shooting, you want the actors to be doing things that we can work with. Some of us was very conservative. When Glynis Hosen had to be like Eurythmics keyboard band, I wouldn't let her sing and she got quite frustrated with that. You've got to understand you're not the name of a building, you're not going to be able to move.

LWL: When you influenced by any other films?

McKean: All sorts really. A big one for this was silent film. I love silent film. But because they're silent, but because they took place at the birth of cinema, at a time where they were trying to figure out the language on they went. Some of it didn't work at all, but some of it has never been bettered so far as it's concerned. Some of the strange German job on film. *Fantô* is particular, are exquisite and I've never seen better. I also like the fact that the first *Kung-Fu* is made by hand. There is the actor, there is the screen of his puppet and there is this third thing which is invisible on screen, and that's love and movement. Digital film have other fascinating things they bring to the table, but the element of love as often missing. I tried to make *MirrorMask* look like it was made by analogue and not just computers. David Jenkins

MIRRORMASK

McKean's MirrorMask
fractured screen is a
new MirrorMask

McKean's
fractured screen
is a new
MirrorMask

Seldom do you scan

the credits to find a director's designer co-credit, but in his directorial feature debut that's exactly what Dave McKean goes for. His expansive feeling, mainly in the latter category, this film's oddly partial benefits, and partially suffers from the old motto of style over substance.

During a teenage tempestum 15-year-old circus kid, Helena, accidentally wishes her mother dead. Before you know it, man's been hospitalized and it's at this guttural point that Helena wakes up in another world. Here we find ourselves inside her unconscious mind, full of bold Jungian archetypes, mythical creatures and lush landscapes, and partially suffers from the old motto of style over substance.

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HOSTEL

DIRECTED BY U.S. BOSS
FRANKO (BY THE WAY,
DANIEL KRENNER, OFFER
SUBSTITUTION)

NO
CENSURE
REMARKS

Filmmakers run a

big risk taking up their fires. Executive producer Quentin Tarantino played up test-screening walkouts and threw out lines like "This is the sickest shit you'll ever see" — hyperbole guaranteed to get bumps on seats. But is a bit initial take-home more important than what these bumps actually make of it all?

For if Hostel had been subtler in its approach, it could have been a Blair Witch-esque cult classic. There's enough biting social commentary, fan-boy jokes and innuendo to make you have snuck up on even the most blasé of parents. But, unfortunately, after all the bluster and idle promises of "medical problems for some viewers" the fact that Hostel is just an above-average schlock horror exercise comes on one hell of a

disappointment.

This is, after all, a cracking premise for a horror film: three backpackers head to Slovakia in search of easy women, only to end up with more gore than whorls as the Bratislava locals turn the tables and make them their torture boys. Director Eli Roth, making giant leaps from his patchy Cabin Fever debut, pulls off this American Pin meets Texas Chainsaw massacre with aplomb and nails exactly what it is that still makes much of central and eastern Europe so ominous to so many (the language barrier, dire poverty, everyone laughing at you constantly for no apparent reason).

However, while the set-up is eerie, the execution and characterization are less convincing. Whereas the similarly themed Wolf Creek was starkly

shot, punctuated with realism and a fully rounded cast, Hostel is too glossy by half, while the main characters are just dull sketches from a fan-boy flick.

You keep hoping, but while the reveal-all is satisfyingly gory and there's a nice nod to Leatherface with some leg-shredding chainsaw action, even the most grisly scenes seem pretty standard. Neckts are slit and skull heads punctuate skin, but after John The Killer, it's positively conservative. The Japanese have told the bar when it comes to excess, as acknowledged by Roth himself, and you can't escape the fact that even by Saw's mildly depressed standards, this is still playing catch-up.

Much like the recent Texas Chainsaw and House Of Wax remakes, Hostel will offend the

middle-aged and delight American high schoolers in equal measure. There are even passing parallels with the Vietnam-reactionary exploitation flicks of the '70s. We should celebrate that, for the first time in an age, a US horror has a few original ideas, but the shame is that it could and should have been so much more than that.

Anticipation: *Walled in the greatest film ever.* **Ver:**

Enjoyment: *Good, unless you're Thai.*

In Retrospect: *The bit where he runs over the prostitute in fucking cool.* **Ver:**

See Eli Roth interviewed in our cover DVD, and read all about it on page 106.

R A I N

D A N C E



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TSOTSI

WORTH SEEING
 Directed by
 Gavin Hood
 Released
 March 10, 2005

RELEASED
 March 10, 2005

Hardly considered

the centre of cinematic soundness, Tsotsi has sparked a flame that will keep South Africa right on the movie map.

Tortured by his past and estranged towards his future, Tsotsi — Kesiwa's slang for 'thing' — is a naïve little boyhood, devoid of sentiment and faced by nothing. He has no name, no family, no story and no future, and lives a life of criminal innocence. After the bloody destruction of a former friend, he flees into a rich suburban neighbourhood where in a moment of impulse he shoots a woman and shoots her cat, realising only when it's too late that her baby boy is in the back.

The fusion of Tsotsi's poverty with the baby's opulent home life is a violent clash of cultures, lifestyles and values. But as Tsotsi's resentment seeps away, he faces up to his own misdeeds

in a film that is ultimately about redemption. With a sliver of similarity to *There Will Be A Baby*, Tsotsi's burning efforts to appease the boy are a call for a sympathy that eventually develops into empathy. He just does a young mother who can find the baby, and finds himself caught up in an Odyssean confusion that calls for him to face up to his fears, regrets and anger.

Hood takes a simple story and strips it down to reveal honesty, lighting South Africa's slums with a glow intensified by exaggerated inferences of abuse and hatred. The fancy Kesiwa home typifies a fairy-tale into a violent film that could have easily topped off the fine line it trends into gloom and hopelessness.

His casting fine the film with a raw energy, and the motley crew of actors are an eclectic mix of gentleness and rage. Even the boy

stare children stare right into the lens with the haunting expressions of 40-year-olds.

Hood made us through a simple story of unmet need, and lovingly handles a camera that photographs thoughts, emotions and energy with a stylish beauty. This is an intimate relationship with an angry, confused boy, entering adulthood and shedding his adolescent skin for good. **MovieMagic**

Anticipation: South African version of City of God? Intriguing. **Three**

Enjoyment: Bold, brave and absorbing. **Four**

In Retrospect: Although occasionally very different, will do for South Africa what *Boyz n the Hood* did for Miami. **Four**

An interview with Gavin Hood, director of Tsotsi.

WLW: Why did you want to direct the film so badly after you had read the book?

Hood: I think the thing about [author of the book] Zolani's work is that he creates such great characters that have a universal human quality and yet the environment in which he places his stories is always unique. So you have a universal story, but so specifically focused that it gives me a unique outlook. You feel like the themes he's dealing with are completely universal and timeless. That was a story that could be set in contemporary South Africa and would give us the opportunity to bring forward the issues in the township, which is unique.

WLW: The music does make an enormous difference to the film.

Hood: Yes, it does help the film move forward in pace, but it isn't imposed either because it really is music from those areas. It was just a wonderful juxtaposition of elements that could allow us to tell a story that had a genuinely authentic feel. It's a very simple story, that in every character driven as you don't get lost in a complex plot. Basically the character is so appealing, but by the end you're not sympathizing but empathizing with him. It's

a real work to see if you can take an audience through this journey in 90 minutes.

WLW: How did you know that Presley was the right person to play the part?

Hood: He actually came to audition for Dabane, and was a really very little fellow and did a wonderful audition. Then he asked very shyly "Do you mind if I read for Tsotsi, because I've prepared a couple of scenes?" And there was something about the shift from this very fatherly, to suddenly becoming a very different young boy, who only wants up but doesn't like a noisy little football. He was very fortunate to find someone with an extraordinary natural range at the age of 10.

WLW: How do you feel about a lot of the critics liking it to *City of God*?

Hood: Tremendously I'm very flattered to think it's closer to *Central Station*, but every few people mention that. In terms of choosing style, the film is shot in wide-screen, with a few more cropped and still style than the French shooting style of *City of God* which was a great film shot

with great human energy. But it was appropriate in that film to shoot the handheld camera around and create more gritty scenes because they were all out of control. Tsotsi is a much more intimate film. You need to see what's going on in his mind, which means you need a great actor who is very good at the subtle shifts of mood. And then you have to photograph it in a way that the audience can see that. It took some time to say they are very different styles.

WLW: What was the most memorable moment of making the film?

Hood: The moment when the baby is handed back to the father. I wanted that to be the climax of the film. I think was the one place I could really let Presley cry. You never want to let an actor cry before the audience wants to cry for him. It does do when it feels like much. And ending in death pushing the tears and grief away in holding his breath until the music is fully generated. Ultimately, Presley's brilliance is that he holds back his emotion until it's looking around the edges, and he earns the right to let it go and to have those tears pouring down his cheeks. **MovieMagic**

CONFETTI

RELEASED
 May 13, 2005

WORTH SEEING
 Directed by
 Martin Freeman
 Released
 May 13, 2005

This year's funniest

comedy has arrived and, rule Britannia, its home-grown. Unfortunately for Debbie Allen, that film is Michael Winterbottom's brilliant *A Cock and Bull Story*. While never reaching those heights, both man-coms is something more than a mere couple in a magazine competition to find the most original wedding of the year are followed by a film crew and assisted by two camp-as-Cory event planners.

While the prize the couple vie for may be original, the same cannot be said of *Confetti*: It's as if with much through a catalogue of successful British comedies. Found the wedding remains of Four Weddings, the revolutionary realism of *The Office*, and binged them together. The result: three weddings and a mockumentary.

It's also going to keep you happy, but never really takes off. The look of *Confetti* is a shame because the cast is superb. Peter Shaw's Robert Webb and Colin Coates bring up to their efforts 90 as

the awkward pushing a naturalistic wedding. Martin Freeman and Jessica Stevenson as the tone-deaf couple going for a big Betty Barclay nuptial.

While both may not have added anything new to the comedy canon, it's a chance to watch a great ensemble cast of excellent character actors improvise their way through proceedings with still even Jimmy Carr's barbs. His role as a snug magazine-proprietor baffling of his funny-as-cancer chick. At the very least, *Confetti* will save you from having to endure another extraneous Curle episode in the state of dating. **Seven Senses**

Anticipation: Freedom great things. **Three**

Enjoyment: A few giggles, a few marks, no clock-watching. **Three**

In Retrospect: It just feels a bit empty. No memorable lines, no rush to relieve it. **Two**



TRISTAN & ISOLDE

DIRTY TALK
James Franco
Joseph Mylech
STARRING
James Franco,
Joseph Mylech,
Tina Turner

BY LARRY
KATZ

Things have changed

since the Dark Ages. Toss back then there was chivalry and honour and the measure of a man wasn't his bank balance or the natches on his bedpost, but the glory he had earned in battle. However, there are elements of the human condition that are timeless: passions that are the bedrock of storytelling whatever the era.

As with *Romeo and Juliet* or *Helen and Paris*, *Tristan and Isolde* tells of a forbidden love between two people on either side of warring tribes.

The film takes place in a post-Roman Britain where Lord Marke of Cornwall (Sevell) hopes to unite the scattered English clans in order to overcome the tyrannical rule of Ireland's King

Donnchadh. Following an ambush on Irish forces, Tristan (Franco) is mistaken for dead and given a Viking burial. He washes ashore in Ireland where King Donnchadh's beautiful daughter Isolde (Mylech) rescues him and nurses him back to health. Naturally, they fall in love and have a passionate affair kept secret from her father. But Tristan is forced to return to England when his boat is discovered and the two star-crossed lovers separate.

When Donnchadh calls a tournament for the English chieftains, Marke sends Tristan to fight in his stead. In a cruel twist of fate, Isolde is the prize he is fighting for, and he is ordered to discover that he has won the hand of his beloved on behalf of his king

and mentor. What follows is a tale of sacrifice and betrayal to rival any tragedy.

Franco smoulders opposite Sophie Mylech, and in their moments of indecision the impossible internal struggle is painfully clear. There are beautifully shot landscapes as well as brutally shot battles juxtaposed with moments of passion, tension and treachery.

But this is a half-finished job without adequate character development to make the final chapters of the story truly believable.

Too much time is spent exploring the natural chemistry between Franco and Mylech in bedful sex scenes. Briefly we are treated to a few too many tearful close-ups of a jealous

Tristan watching the painful consequences of his decisions unfold. The upshot is that we are left wondering whether this might all just be for the sake of pure lust.

That said, any fan of classic storytelling will find something to love here. More cynical cinephiles may find it harder going. **Like** *Tristan*

Anticipation: A great cast and a classic tale — a worth-watching prospect. **Three**

Enjoyment: Both thrilling and moving. **In pairs:** *Three*

In retrospect: An imaginative tale of impossible love. **Wow**

It could have all gone

terribly wrong, newlywed Chicago sophisticates return to husband's North Carolina roots for an art-world-thrasta Wal-Mart culture clash and a lesson in down-home plain speakin' and family values. So far, so *Mean!* The *Shitbuckers*: Promise the Lord, then, that Phil Morrison has crafted the writing of native North Carolinian Angus MacLushkin into an affectionate but unforgiving look at family and favoured sons through the eyes of an outsider, a film of small lives made with love that's anything but blind.

As the owner of a gallery specialising in outsider art, Madeline is young, recent North Carolina religious nut David Werk. His naive Civil War tableaux come on like a porno Hieronymus Bosch — hellish battle scenes in which antagonists impale one another

on their huge engorged cocks and blow their seed like cornmeal, all under the eyes of a vengeful Dad. Healing south he wrap up the deal provides an opportunity for Madeline to meet the in-laws for the first time — George's embittered younger brother Johnny, bronze to George's gold, and his very pregnant wife Ashley; father Eugene and chain-smoking mother Peg for whom her eldest remains the pinnacle to which other men must strive. In a succession of sweetly funny encounters Madeline bonds with Ashley but struggles to find a way to the inside with the rest of the family as her husband slips into his old skin with customary charm and her artist weddies over her efforts.

Any Adele comes laden with plaudits for her performance as the relentlessly optimistic Ashley, not

least because she's headed some of the oddest lines, but her's is only one of a number of standout turns. Emeth Davila makes bemused middle-class guilt as her Madeline strives to present the family with her bone-deep credentials, walking the line between enthusiastic and patronising with imperfect finesse. Most of all, veteran Scott Wilson is mesmerising as Eugene, the father for whom inaction speaks louder than words and whose bereft presence sees all, knows all and says nothing. The OC's Ben McKenzie — the go-to guy for repressed blue-collar neofascists — sounds the only loose note as George's embittered brother despite pulling off one of the film's most quietly heart-rending moments.

The native folk music of North Carolina, leached by blue-grass

and gospel, sets lyric of longing and disappointment against sweet harmonies that speak of tragedy overcome and a brighter future here or hereafter. Morrison and MacLushkin have pulled off a film's equivalent — funny, lyrical and effortlessly affecting. *Postcardhouse*.

Anticipation. An American indie with a lot to live up to: *Three*

Enjoyment. A heartstuffed washed-out palette populated by sincerely downbeat actors as never less than engaging: *Four*

In retrospect. Guilt, jealousy, love, and the weight of expectation. How long is it since you paid the bills a year? *Four*



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The difficult thing

about *L'Enfant*, the new film from director siblings The Dardenne Brothers, is deciding whereabouts to direct press: first

Bruno (Jean-Marie Ranaiv, first seen in the Brothers La Phrasienne) and Sonja (newcomer Deborah François) are a pair of young youngsters who reside in a gypsy wagon on the banks of a river in an unnamed Belgian town. The film begins with Sonja leaving a hospital having just given birth to a son, Jimmy. The slitheringly naive Bruno spends his days wheeler-dealing with merchandise picked up by his gang of young thieves. Sonja, at once smitten by Bruno's irrefutable charm, sees the arrival of their baby as a chance to take the straight and narrow, but Bruno has other plans, seeing the baby as just another way to make a quick buck. With alarming indifference he puts the baby up for adoption without

consulting Sonya, not realizing that his actions will turn their lives upside-down.

The character of Bruno occupies an uneasy limbo between youthful unworldliness and the bleak responsibilities of adulthood, but to judge him is to misunderstand that his actions however careless, are a response to his enormous situation and surroundings. To atone for his mistakes, the film is peppered with heart-breaking incidents, such as a scene in which he passes the time by splashing water with a metal bar, or mother in which he sees how high he can kick a brick wall. The film therefore has a double meaning; does *The Thief* refer to Jimmy or to Bruno? Suffice to say the outcome of Bruno's actions are as unpleasant, the film almost works as a 'Pro-Child' advert.

L'Espresso constructed with the brothers' customers low-f

approach It's shot on handheld cameras and the performances are (at times) unbearably real. The chain-of-events feels both refreshingly spare and seemingly precise, stressing an unbiased realism over cinematic slick that serves to produce a sense of intense emotional intensity. This is frugal, direct and disquieting filmmaking of the highest order. *Dave Jenkins*

Anticipation: the brothers have yet to put a book among them.

Enjoyment. Enjoy as the
wrong word. Expect as
probably neither. Five

In Retrospect: Hidden
 depths like you wouldn't
 believe. Post

For an interview with The Doctor, see page 113.



1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

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It's well accepted

that cinema doesn't have the excitement of a live performance, nor the intimacy, which is what makes theatre special. Therefore adopting stage musicals for the screen is a tricky business. Broadway migrants are all too often hybrids that fall between two stools, resulting in flashy but bland caricatures of their progenitors (Chicago, see me after class), but *Reef* just about comes out on the right side of aesthetic.

As with the original show, *Rent* follows a year in the lives of a group of East Village bohemians as they grapple with poverty, AIDS and drug abuse – the grim contents of the '80s party-bag. Mark is a young film-maker trying to make documentaries without selling out.

to the money man, his roommate Roger is a struggling musician in mourning after the suicide of his girlfriend and their chum Tom Collins, who finds love in the form of a drag queen named Angel. A villain of sorts arises in the shape of Benny, a former friend turned wealthy landlord, who is now threatening the group with eviction.

On paper this set-up resembles a Gregg Arita attempt to convert *Anteater*. This turns out to be a good mix, as likable characters sing, dance and party hard in the face of punishing social circumstances. The decision to largely re-use the original Broadway cast was the right one and *Wet* hits a curiously down-to-Earth feel. More pleasing still is this central album in the covers

of the musical numbers, with long takes favored over irritating snappy cuts. This delicate touch works well, and Jonathan Larson's witty lyrics are punchy enough to hold everything together.

It won't change your life, but *Reel* is fun enough if you like your bohemian kids to be able to debate. **News Radio**

Anticipation: Everyone has AIDS! Yes.

Enjoyment. Great songs create a certain romance
 Time

In Retrospect, like meeting an ex, you'll be continuously optimistic about going back for more. There



LOVE
&
HATE

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What could have

been a triumph. In low-reel documentary makers turn out to be a by-the-numbers cliché in the lockstep British cinema.

Director Dominic Savage explores the hypocrisies that exist among the inter-related lives and loves of a group of white and Asian youths in a Northern town. As two teens from either side of the cultural barrier fall in love, racial prejudices flare. Sounds like a good idea, a welcome chance to improve on Ken Loach's flawed *An Ideal Husband*.

Well, it's not. *Love & Hate* is crisscrossed by sub-Grange Hill plotting and wooden dialogue: it lacks the assured touch of someone like *Loach*, and the sensitivity among the leads to handle each volatile

subject matter
Missing this, it slides into flat relationships and relief points that are as black and white as the film's title suggests.

However, some of Savage's observations are sharp. The Asian youths all drive Subarus picked up from Asa's Trader and the gold lineate on the repressed white vicuña's smeta are pillant and corfict. However, whether this contributes to a gritty slice of life on celluloid or enforces the stereotypes that *Love & Hate* tries to shatter is another question.

If the narrative's predictability doesn't make you yearn for more edgy fare from our shores, the periodic smattering of post-Britpop indie music will. Maybe

It's intended to add art-house credibility. Instead, call us the Northern-sky Keane confirms this as a formulaic blunder. Wick tries

Anticipation. A minor budget British film with a cast of TV hallmark actors. One

Enjoyment: Nodden
delivery and telegraphed
plot twists. By the time
Keanu plays over the
ending, you'll be more
than ready to leave. The

In Retrospect, a disappointing let down from a promising concept. This movie should have led me to write: One



DIRECTED BY DOMINIQUE
STARRING LAURENT LUCAS
CHARLOTTE GAINSBURG
TUFFEY, RING LARDER

LEMMING

by
JENNIFER
WILLIAMS

An interview with Charlotte Gainsburg, star of *Lemming*.

LW: How did you feel when you first read Dominik Mol's script for *Lemming*?

Gainsburg: It was mixings and frightening — that's what I loved about it. But he didn't obsess me at the beginning. I read the script, and then I had to do some tests to convince him.

LW: How did you cope filming the scene with the lemmings that invade the house?

Gainsburg: I wasn't there for that, I was just involved with one dead lemming. It didn't disturb me at the beginning. I was so fascinated by having them in and out of houses: the back was a problem. Apparently, they're very aggressive.

LW: You played opposite Raza Pacha in *21 Grams*. Was that daunting?

Gainsburg: Well, it'd just had my baby and was feeling very maternal. He might as well come from away, as I had to be focused on my baby. I only shot for 10 days, but it was very intense. Watching Raza was incredible.

LW: You've just worked with Michael Gendry on *The Silence of Sheep*. What was the attraction?

Gainsburg: I loved the character — I play the girl next door. [Gemma Beenal] falls in love with. I haven't seen him like yet. I'm very curious to know what it's like. I think it's very personal. Michael's a very complicated guy. *James Watkins*

Being cute and fluffy

is the lemming's curse. If he were I so adorable, perhaps people would take the grand suicidal gesture a little more seriously. As it is, the plight of the lemming will always suggest something sublime yet a teeny bit silly. It's this that makes them a perfect emblem for Dominik Mol's third feature, an eerie psychological thriller with touches of surreal humor.

Laurent Lucas and Charlotte Gainsburg play happy young couple, Alain and Benedicte. Gatty Alain and Benedicte do all the things that happy young couples do: toss salad with fancy wooden tongs, live in tasteful minimalism and enjoy the odd impromptu shag on their woven beanbag sofa. But marital bliss never lasts long, especially in eerie psychological thrillers.

When they extend dinner invites to Alain's new boss Richard [André Dussolier] and his wife Alice [Charlotte Rampling] things begin to sour in a series of strange events in which their dinner guests — and lemmings — feature heavily.

Rampling is particularly terrifying as the boss' wronged wife. Jean-Marc Pélissier's natural cinematography ensures that her ferocious icy beauty doesn't go to

waste. Whenever she emerges from a shadowy corner (and she often does), it's always cheekbone-first. Venomous, sexually predatory and mad as a hatter in a sock, Alice is far from the perfect dinner guest — although, in fairness to her, the Gatty's Renault ad smugness could drive us all to violence. Alice instead settles for committing suicide in the spare room end, if nothing else, at least it rips the wallpaper.

There's more than a whiff of Polanski about the way *Lemming* takes apparently baffling detours without ever losing the audience's rapt attention. But in fact nothing at all is extraneous. Rather, Mol's expert combination of surreal detail and tightly controlled plotting makes for a thriller that's as gripping as it is bizarre. *Steve Jones*

AMBIGUATION—Takes of wonderfully odd ambiguity: two. *Yes*

Enjoyment—I'm scared to go to bed, I'm scared to go to work, I'm just very confused that I like it. *Rae*

In Retrospect—Surprising Charlotte Rampling. *David Greig* will keep you awake at night. *Three*

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THE PROPOSITION

WRITTEN BY GUY WILSON
DIRECTED BY GUY WILSON
CASTING BY GUY WILSON
CASTING BY GUY WILSON

IMAGINE
ME & YOU

The concept of an Australian western might sound odd, but the Outback offers a perfect setting, looking for everything the genre holds dear. It lends *The Proposition* a tremendous sense of occasion which, coupled with the Aboriginal disclaimer and the opening grab-you-by-the-throat gunfight, forces you to sit up and take heed from the word go.

It's 1880 and the air is killing-thick with British colonialism. After capturing Irish bush-outlaws Charlie (Guy Pearce) and Mikey (Richard Wilson) Burns, law enforcer Captain Stanley (Ray Winstone) lays down a seemingly impossible ultimatum to Charlie: seek and kill older brother, the psychopathic, murdering rapist Arthur (Danny Huston) or else the younger Mikey will be executed. A dark ring of the soul ensues for all concerned — re-reinforced in much

double-crossing and backstabs of blood.

Given the swirling biblical undercurrents, swirling violence, and dark, lyrical sensibility, it's hardly surprising that gothic-blues balladeer Nick Cave wrote the screenplay. Like Cave's music, and indeed, the Outback itself, the action lurches from rugged romanticism to suffocating and visceral in a heartbeat. Winstone's character, Captain Stanley, provides the most complex example of such tender-brutal duality — especially when confronted in the midst of the chase by his wife, Martha (Emily Watson). Whilst the characterisation elsewhere is decent, the Burns brothers aren't nearly as well fleshed out as the ever-watchable Winstone.

Of course this is a tale of retribution and family loyalty, but the startling poignancy of

seeing Mikey Britanna following a massacre of "negroes" Aboriginals during the finale compels you to re-examine the film's racist drift. Is this really a meditation on frontier brutality, a historically significant and shocking snapshot of a repressed people? Whatever the filmmaker's intention, the Aboriginals are conspicuous by their (frequent) absence from the screen, which makes for an intriguing and unsettling subtext. **Andrew Ross**

Anticipation: Aussie law are his men's affairs. **Two**

Enjoyment: A bit of a mess, but with a bang, each ending. **Three**

In retrospect: You'll feel the Burns all the way home. **Three**



SEVEN SWORDS

WRITTEN BY FENG LIU
DIRECTED BY FENG LIU
CASTING BY FENG LIU
CASTING BY FENG LIU

IMAGINE
ME & YOU

You know you're in trouble when the bad guys look like a Finnish Death Metal band. And so it is with *Seven Swords*, a Wade movie that mistakes length, unapologetically character and naïve dialogue for Epic with a capital 'E'.

Wade is a subset of Chinese martial arts rooted in the country's literature, where chivalrous warriors in a fantastical setting ride into town to save the day. *Seven Swords* has been responsible for some of the genre's most memorable film moments. 1993's usually stunning *Zu Warriors of the Magic Mountain* (but while *Zu Warriors* had a charming naivety belittled by over the top visual effects and cheeky compass, with *Seven Swords* Hark attempts something starker with a distinctly modern look. Set at the beginning of the Qing Dynasty in the seventeenth century, a small village holds out

against the evil Fire Wind (Hong Kong) whose troops are rounding up and killing anyone thought to be involved with martial arts. A couple of villagers set off for Mount Hsueh-shan with the aid of a retired executioner, Fu Qinghu (Ker-Luen Lau), in an attempt to persuade Master Shadow-glow (Jet Li) to lead a band of sword-wielders to help. Being a swell guy, he provides four of his disciples and seven magical swords to defend the villagers.

There is a superficial touch of Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai* about the plot, which unfolds in a series of laborious battles as the villagers attempt to escape from Fire Wind. But the swords and their magical properties are never fully explained and the warriors that wield them fail to bring any depth to the story.

Ultimately martial arts films live or die by their fight scenes and

Seven Swords just can't cut it. The fight choreography is muddled by choppy editing, making it difficult to tell what's going on. Clearly influenced by the visual style of modern Wade movies such as *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* and *Mercy*, *Seven Swords* may look sumptuous but Tsui Hark has neither Yuen Woo-ping's sense of pacing or Ang Lee's sense of drama. One for martial arts pedants only. **Jason Aron**

Anticipation: Great cast, peppered with occasional martial arts action. **Four**

Enjoyment: Decent fun, provides the only interesting fight scenes. **Three**

In retrospect: Confusing weight and logic that are frankly rubbish. **Two**

IMAGINE ME & YOU

WRITTEN BY GUY WILSON
DIRECTED BY GUY WILSON
CASTING BY GUY WILSON
CASTING BY GUY WILSON

Is it possible to fall in love with a film at first sight? Without bowing to simple prejudice to know from the very first scene that this is a film you will despise for the rest of your life? What's more, is it possible for a film to be built on crude, slapdash, patronising and tired clichés about the English middle classes — and nothing else?

Good questions, all, and ones that director G1 Parker attempts to answer in his debut film *Imagine Me & You*.

The premise of the film is that love at first sight is real. Even better, true love will win out whenever the circumstances, even if it's lightning love built strikes one person at they're wedding down the marriage aisle. Which, would you believe, is exactly

what happens to Rosalind as she's about to get hitched to Heck. Cue struggles, feelings, (Cheer! Tears!), until true love wins out in the end.

This not entirely original idea is fashioned into an abominably formulaic plot and abominably mediocre dialogue. The result is a richard Curtis film reimagined by a Hasidic 12 year-old, one that got bored halfway through and left it to their younger sibling sibling to finish.

This feeble effort affirms the worst elements of Curtis' legacy without any of the charm and sincerity that made *Four Weddings and A Funeral* so enjoyably enjoyable. In the world that Parker has created (I say, American market, we're British don't you know!) every English person



is charmingly eccentric, uses strange profanity in front of hyper-intelligent children, sells flowers or works 'in the City'.

Imagine Me & You is not meant to offer only women, but still, this is a film so divorced from reality it should be made for a paid child support, **Andrew Wilson**

Anticipation: Another dreadful love film. **Two**

Enjoyment: Doubtful, shocked as an the dictionary to one.

In retrospect: Deeply disliked. **One**

UNKNOWN WHITE MALE

WRITTEN BY
DOUG BRUCE
STARRING Doug Bruce

RELEASED
7 Jan.

"If you lost your

past, would you want it back?" The stipulation is tiny, but the story of Doug Bruce, an Englishman who woke up one day on the New York subway to find that he had no idea of his name, address, or anything about who he was, is both enthralling and moving.

A high-strung stockbroker in the City of London, Bruce threw it all in and moved to New York aged 35 to become a photographer. Nobody has been able to say exactly why he suffered his massive memory loss, but several theories emerge throughout the film. Some are suggested by medical experts, some inspired by the emotions of friends and family as the viewer weighs guiltily between cynicism and pity.

Bruce is an open and eloquent narrator, offering an uncomfortably frank view of his experience. We see intimate footage of him meeting his family for the first time; he falls in love with a girl, argues with his ex-

girlfriend, speaks about his dead mother and otherwise opens up his private life to public scrutiny. We are used to seeing people who want the camera to make them famous, but in the pitch of desperation, Bruce is asking it to save him. If his backstory loses his memory again, his life will all be him, entangled and backed up on DVDs and video tape.

But there are doubts. Is Bruce simply a victim? There are occasions when he seems somehow complicit in his memory loss. He travels back to London to visit his old friends and is openly scornful of them — his ignorance of their shared history (the film refers to a petulant child who doesn't want to play any more. One of the friends rebuts in conversation about West Indian cricket during which Bruce asks, "What's that? A cocktail or an insect?") Such punning newly simply doesn't ring true for a man who has lost his episodic (personally) memory but

retained the second-by-second memory that allows him to speak intelligently on a wide range of subjects. He is a curiosity created by his first experience of the police, snow and the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. It all seems just a little too contrived to be genuine.

However understandable, this isn't a critique of the film. If anything, the documentary is made richer by this ambiguity — the unspoken and unseen drivers. Whatever the truth of Bruce's real memory, the result is a fascinating view into the incredible minds of one man's life.

Anticipation: Fresh men, strange things. **Fun**

Enjoyment: Redeballing glimpses into a complex character. **Real**

In Retrospect: A unique film full of unanswered questions. **Three**



MANDERLAY

DIRECTED BY
LISA HAWARD
STARRING Lisa Haward, Ben Kingsley, John Cusack, David Dencik

RELEASED
14 Jan.

"If there is any town

that would be a little better without, this is it" Once a star of the 1930s township of Gwynedd, Wili Manderlay, she has had the strange misfortune of stumbling across another such place — a Deep South prison where slavery is still in practice 70 years after its official abolition. How can such barbarism inhumanity be allowed to reign free in a country which holds personal freedom above all else? Once unwittingly makes it her moral obligation to regulate this abuse of power and give the democracy-storied slaves the freedom they deserve. What could possibly go wrong?

A lion in the field but here theatrical methods powered by Ben and Benoit, Manderlay is the second part of a proposed 'American' trilogy. Assuming the role of Grace from Nicole Kidman is (relative) newcomer Bryce Dallas Howard. She does not bring the same vulnerability and electric presence to the character as Kidman, but she does demonstrate a vitality and kindness which underpins the specificity of this particular role rather well.

It will come as no surprise that Manderlay is a film which actively seeks to rile its viewer. Very little room is left for ambiguity in a narrative so calculated that every line, prop and nuance is bound by a premeditated cause and effect, concocted by Lisa Haward. This is claustrophobic filmmaking, life with epiphany and no philosophical momentum. It goes purpose to the lowest of design, purifying the film's message and forcing a reaction from the audience. Storytelling? The jury is still out.

Of the many idiosyncrasies that Manderlay chooses to run with, perhaps the most dubious is the suggestion that the relationship between master and slave was not, in fact, one of solidarity and

devotion but benign acquiescence — that, even less. But there is an explanation. Manderlay is not a film about slavery. It addresses the dependent of slavery's inherent in all forms of government; the totalitarianism induced within totalitarian authoritarianism; and the final notion that there exists an ideology which surrenders racial or class barriers. Grace's amoral moral superiority over the supposed subservience of the slaves also helps the film work as a metaphor for the current hostilities in the Middle East, going further to suggest what might become of the area when the US finally decides to pull out.

And that's the reason why you should see this film. While some of the dialogue may feel over-theatrical, and the final twist verges on the ludicrous, Manderlay will, nevertheless, leave you lying awake at night, pondering the intricacies of the ethics and morals put to trial. It is a cruel, disposable and manipulative film, but it's also bold in its assumptions, emotionally stirring and often highly amusing.

With Manderlay, you may have created another tale to the classic Hollywood film-making he so obviously reveres, and while his clarity of favoring moral and highly provocative films may have reached its apogee a few years ago, it's still a testament to the fact that von Trier at half cock is better than 99 per cent of most directors firing on all cylinders, both ways.

Anticipation: An over-the-top ending against the phone. **Three**

Enjoyment: The strengths easily outweigh the weaknesses. **Four**

In Retrospect: A hard nut to crack, the questions Manderlay raises are endlessly stimulating. **Five**

Incoherent, inelegant, and often implausible. *Syriana* is nevertheless the most appealing movie George Clooney has appeared in since *Out of Sight*.

Like Jarhead and Munich, it is rooted firmly in the sprawling terrain of the Middle East. Like *Good Night, and Good Luck*—Clooney's nuanced effort as a doctor—it's a thinly veiled attack on the rotten core of American politics.

But when *Good Night, and Good Luck* moved elegantly through the monochrome television studios of the '50s, *Syriana* flits gracefully across the globe, forever chasing the chimera of edified corruption. From Washington DC to the Persian Gulf, it exposes the combustible mix of corporate greed and geopolitics that keeps our petrol pumps flowing and fuels the flames of jihad.

Gaghan, who wrote the screenplay for Steven Soderbergh's *Traffic*, directs a mosaic of story lines inspired by ex-CIA operative Robert Baer's book *See No Evil*. Bearded and bulky, Clooney excels as Bob Barnes, a cynical spook left high and dry by his employers when an operation goes wrong. Matt Damon shines as an energy analyst drawn into the shady orbit of a Gulf state emir. And Jeffrey Wright's cello player ends

nervously through the murky waters of corporate corruption. *Syriana*'s convoluted trajectories nearly work. Under editor Tim Scrima's watchful eye the film flows niftily, hurriedly even. And yet too many strands are left flapping in the wind. Clooney's transition from cavalier CIA operative to vengeful renegade is implausible. Damon's estrangement from his wife unexplained. Even less forgivable, Gaghan soft-pedals a subplot about a Palestinian migrant beachwashed into terrorism.

For all its intelligence then, *Syriana* never quite coheres. Indeed, it ends up much like the crooked world it tries to expose: frequently beguiling but constantly perplexing. *James Gleason*

Anticipation: George Clooney's second shot across the bow of the Bush administration. *Fear*

Employment: Slippery and political, a stellar cast and pacy narrative give it momentum to the end. *Three*

In Retrospect: A sign of the times, *Syriana* is unlikely to age well—but it'll doubtless spawn many imitations. *Three*

An interview with Steven Gaghan, director of *Syriana*.

LW: *Syriana* is Steven Soderbergh's *Traffic*, which fostered debate on the war on drugs. *Syriana* also shows multiple points-of-view about the oil business. Do you see the films as similar?

Gaghan: *Traffic* has a much more documentary feeling. *Syriana* is about a postwar condition in human nature, which is, what happens when you get power? What are the limits to self-interest? How absolute power corrupts absolutely as does it reveal absolutely? Is there an ethical line inside all of us?

LW: Your star, George Clooney, thinks this film will stir up trouble. Do you agree?

Gaghan: I hope it does. I hope it gets people talking about some of our policies that we are undertaking right now.

LW: The film deals with fathers and sons. Why?

Gaghan: We're in this patriarchal time. When George W. Bush lost the election in Florida, who went to fix it? Daddy's friends. The oil producing kingdoms are all patriarchal—Washington is totally a son's world. I think there's a direct one-on-one relationship with parenting and government.

LW: In the US, *Syriana* has come under attack by some critics for being too dense. How does that make you feel?

Gaghan: They don't understand the world I'm writing about. They don't know anything about Washington, and I'm from there. They know nothing about money and politics. They know nothing about corporations. They know nothing about the history of the Middle East. They know nothing about the CIA. Nothing. They know nothing. *James McGee*





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 MAN-CHARTER

CAPOTE

Movie biopics do not read exciting lives to work, but to make a great film, you need an interesting subject — someone who fascinates and intrigues. Bennett Miller understands this and has delivered a film of patience and depth that offers the truth about one of the most influential writers of the twentieth century, or at least the truth as he would have it.

Truman Capote won global fame for creating a new type of novel, writing fiction in the style of fiction in his book, *In Cold Blood* the tale of two men, Perry Smith (Collins Jr) and Dick Hickock (Pellegrino), who murdered a whole family, apparently without motive. Capote becomes obsessed with the case and the men accused, and struggles to write his

book before they are executed for their crimes.

Capote's obsession with himself and his work is, in the hands of Philip Seymour Hoffman, absolute — he is told even to the fate of the men whose lives he documents. Either he couldn't or wouldn't look at the reality of their situation, only the reality he created for them in his book — his "new breed" of writing. Capote's manipulation and deceit become more obvious and frequent as the film goes on. Ultimately Miller questions whether Smith and Hickock were deliberately sacrificed at the altar of Capote's novel as an elusive, blockbuster finale.

Capote's redemption, while it comes, is understated in a way that only Philip Seymour Hoffman can

make work. He gives us a character which we haven't seen before. Violent and lay but in a friendly, forgivable way, he relishes being the centre of attention in America's fashionable circles, but takes pride for his work with sincerity. And for all his wheedled soaked party stories and gossip, Hoffman never lets us forget that this is a writer of genuine literary genius and a man of singular talent and vision.

Capote goes beyond the usual character study and questions our understanding of reality and truth. Capote believes that all truth is relative and exists only in the mind of the individual, it is constructed just like any other story. But at their execution, he is confronted with the idea that the reality he

constructed, presented in his novel, might be at odds with the real truth. That the reality of what happened exists objectively and is contrary to what he wants to be true. That he is doing these men an injustice. He is struck with guilt, but not enough to change his book.

Capote is a character study of rare depth at a time when they seem to be everywhere. But then it's Philip Seymour Hoffman, did you expect anything less? Jonathan Wilkins

Anticipation: A look at the master at work. Four

Enjoyment: Demanding, but worth it. Three

In Retrospect: Big on the book and on road. Four



THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VERONIQUE

DIRECTED BY
Krzysztof Kieślowski
STARRING *Julie Delpy*
Music: *Janis Gulsrud*
Cinema: *France*

RECOMMENDATION
Five stars

Polish auteur Krzysztof

Kieślowski hit art house pay dirt with his *Three Colours* Trilogy, and as a result compelled a younger generation of film lovers to explore his fascinating oeuvre. As *The Double Life of Veronique* was made two years before *Colours* you'd be forgiven for seeing it as a trial run for those films. But surely trial runs aren't meant to be this assured. Here Jacob plays two

women called Veronique who live suspiciously similar lives but reside in completely different countries. In essence, what we have here is a cinematic jigsaw that purposefully doesn't quite fit. It's a film which explores the messy topics of the clarity of existence and the fickle nature of love with the lightest of touch. The mood-adjusting colour saturation of each shot (lots of yellows and deep blues) makes you think that directors like

Soderbergh and Spielberg were taking mental notes while watching the film. Jacob's committed central performance as the two Veroniques is one of passion and austerity.

More even than Kieślowski's dream-like direction, she's the reason you should see this film. Bafflingly very few of Jacob's films have made it to these shores. For anyone not fully versed in '90s European cinema, this is like *Amélie*, only guaranteed to make you look cleverer. **David Jenkins**

Anticipation: Why's it being re-released again? **Two**

Enjoyment: Cuddles get fully engaging. **Four**

In Retrospect: Unlike to *Three Colors*, get a better grasp. **Four**

AN AMERICAN HAUNTING

RECOMMENDATION
Five stars

DIRECTED BY
Joe Johnston
STARRING *Julie Delpy*
Music: *Janis Gulsrud*
Cinema: *France*

Ah, that old chestnut.

Based on true events, is cinema's teeth-grinding platitudes du jour, bedeviled about with regular ease so though the slightest hint of banal reality is enough to paper over the usual pining dreams of chaotic storytelling ineptitude. But credit where it's due: the makers of *An American Haunting* have sourced a story which eclipses *The Blair Witch Project* for Lollo style *it could-be-you-terror*, while never straying from its roots as a good old-fashioned ghost yarn.

Based on the tale of the Blair Witch that reportedly visited a happy Tennessee family in the



nineteenth century (a deeply evocative period of creaky wooden houses and rampant superstition), Sutherland and Speck play John and Lucy Bell, whose 13 year-old daughter, Betsy (Rachel Ward-Wood), is tormented by the witch every night.

An American Haunting borrows occasionally from films like *The Others* or *The Exorcist*, yet rather than rehearsing their well-worn

conventions, its throng, suspense and jumpy revelations remain thrillingly unexpected. It provides all the requisite chills and spills for the finest pose without ever letting you settle. Indeed, it's refreshing to know that with the sheer output of formulaic teen-horors like *House of Wax*, a good story doesn't necessarily require bloodiness or gore. A clever plot or decent actors will do just fine. **Benj France**

Anticipation: The story already had a cult following. **Three**

Enjoyment: Giddy anticipation keeps *An American Haunting* scarily absorbing. **Three**

In Retrospect: Enough to keep the faint-hearted awake at night. **Three**

An interview
with Gore Verbinski, director
of *The Weather Man*.

LWL: What's your approach to making movies?

Webb: It's like when you're making them, it's like you're not holding the screen too tight. It's a healthy balance. When I watch a movie, it's like you feel that the person who made the film had an intention and wanted to take me some place and lead me through a dark room with their hand on my back. That I must prefer the broadsword approach where it's nothing at all. It's like, following and discovering a path. And I know where you let a film blossom and grow in different directions you're sure to be surprised by them.

LWL:are You're an ex-guitarist. Is music your biggest influence and does it affect your style consciously?

Verbinski: I think it's the most substantial element. I now hang to his wheel at UCLA and I was playing in quite a few bands in Los Angeles - you know, leading both these lives. I think that's always there. There's still a guitar in my office and I still plunk around - my favorite past of a while is certainly when we get involved with the books, because I just love working with musicians. They're a special breed.

URL: http://www.360doc.com/content/12/0615/15/10000000_218811111.shtml
 Title: So far you, does the score match the pace and style of the reader?

Verbitski: I definitely go in with no intention for creating here and now, it's good to look to future and say what more is viable, that other more or less - it's a good way of communicating in terms of what emotional understand of the like the more is going to play, and they don't have to play it all.

LOWERY: Let's talk *Pirates*. You're now looking at \$1 billion-gross worldwide. Do you feel pressure?

Verbinski: It hasn't really become a political issue, other than "we're all counting on you" - that kind of pressure. When we made the first pirate movie, it was - nobody believed in it and that was a great place to be. Now you've got the stockholders and the board of directors' yoke on the line. But ask ourselves and ask others and the wheel's broken, but everybody loves it that way. So let's not get in there and say and otherwise it.

LINKS: What's actually going on on-site?

Verbinski: We had a luckier year Christmas where I work and the edit crew. The second movie's coming together in a way as much I think people will enjoy it as fun and different way. We we're working with the writers trying to get the script of the third one better and we're back shooting nights, in the town, in Austin. And the weather's not cooperating. Everything's moving around, we're losing members, and you know all that shakedown noise around us still!

LIW125: You've worked with Supp. Legend. Who're you interested in working with now?

Ventreska: Well, I've already missed out on George C. Scott, Alvin Karpis and Peter Sellers. I've already worked with Michael Caine, which was fantastic—I'm always going to be casting director and myopia, unfortunately, I'm myopia I want somebody who can't give answers. *Antony Perine*.



*THE
WEATHERMAN*

STARRING Joe
Cage, Michael
Dolton, Todd Leont

1998

The Weatherman's

outlook is sunny, but there are clouds on the horizon – it is, in a word, variable. It's a valence not of quality but a discernible shifting pattern of pace and direction and mood – and it works. Verbruggen's tale is one that is in many respects melancholy but in equal measure uplifting and humorous – a true tale of human nature and the rocky road to success.

Dave Smith (Case).

weatherman of favourable repute, has a quondam shun the job of a lifetime, stay in wintry Chicago and recast his family life or take the professional trip to Good Morning, America as weather anchor and receive the adulation — And salary — of a nation. Life's never simple is it? Add a troublesome teenage daughter with weight issues, a son being pursued by his enormous male counsellor and a father facing terminal illness, and the initial outlook is bleak.

Whilst the subject matter is predominantly downbeat, Spritz's internal worldlines are *vis* much

of an everyman fix, assisted by the reality Cece brings to the performance. His on-screen charm and his off-screen downward spiral are both wonderfully portrayed. His sparring partner Cece lends humour to the tale, blurring his deadpan wit, and irresistible British charm in the role of Cece's father-in-law.

The *Weatherman* provokes thought, its subject matter is interesting and captivating, despite lacking an overt magnetism. It's an emotional plot—it's his, worthy of consideration and retrospective thought. With this and the promise of plenty this summer, Verdonah's outlook is anything but gloomy.

Adrian Dillman

Anticipation Page 44
Exhibit Two

Enjoyment: Where's TV
ABC's *Shogun* Will Not Tame

In Retrospect: How our
Michael Fish, there's a
barbecue, a picnic, four

THE HILLS HAVE EYES

Interview
with
the
stars

Interview
with
the
stars
of
the
film
The Hills Have Eyes

- J: Yeah, so... what do you think of it?
- R: It wasn't great by any stretch of the imagination.
- J: What do you think was bad about it?
- R: Just a bit predictable to be honest. That sounds a silly thing to say considering it's a remake, but it was just very clichéd.
- J: Do you think there were a few too many horror movie clichés in there?
- R: For sure.
- J: Did you know it was based on true events?
- R: Yeah I read that and to be honest, that story of the Savoy Beach family, probably would have been better rather than this, which was 99% fiction.
- J: One of the things that didn't work for me was that the mutants who lived in the hills... they just looked like a bunch of morons.
- R: They looked like Sloth's family,

- from The Goonies.
- J: Yeah but he was a friendly guy. He loved Chunk.
- R: True, but some of them looked a bit too normal, like the little girl.
- J: Yeah, that little girl is the red headie, all I could think about was Don't Look Now and the girl in the red coat. Now that's a scary film.
- R: I haven't seen that.
- J: It'll scare the shit out of you.
- R: There were no really scary bits, just jumpy stuff. It was all a bit too much like B-movie horror.
- J: Yag, they gave everything away if I come up to you and say, "I'm going to jump out and scare you in three, two, one, boob!" it just doesn't work, but they gave everything away with the music and with camera angles, so that you knew precisely when something was going to happen.
- R: But that's typical horror movie stuff.
- J: One thing they did get right

- though was, bearing in mind that from the start it was like a B-movie horror, standard stuff – the first scene with the mutants is a really disturbing rape scene.
- R: Yes, that was really powerful. It went on so long too. That was a good bit, genuinely shocking, but not a surprise type shock.
- J: They did miss some opportunities though, like the mine shaft.
- R: True. If they'd taken the action down to the caves it would have opened a lot up in terms of scary scene possibilities.
- J: There have been a couple of scary films like The Descent and The Cove recently like that, which worked really well.
- R: Yeah, it would have given it another dimension. Those dogs were annoying though, running off into the desert the whole time. I just wanted to have them neutered.
- J: That's right, break their spirit

- Do you think it's worthwhile re-make?
- R: They did it for money obviously, but I don't know why Wes Craven was behind this one. The first film was great and didn't need re-doing.
- J: Yeah, recently, the state of the horror genre is changing. Asian cinema, and more recently British films, have forged a new path, but Hollywood still comes out with the same old shit.
- R: True, but double true. I'm just not sure there's a place anymore for this sort of formulaic slash-and-genetics. In the '70s it was the golden age, but now it just looks tired.
- J: Hollywood had better wake up soon. This sort of horror film just doesn't cut it anymore.

J: And it had the same scores

Anticipation: **Two**
Enjoyment: **Two**
In retrospect: **Two**





THE MATADOR

Directed by
Tommy Lee

Written by
Alan F. Brown
Starring Franco
Gonzalez, Amy
Kutner, Amy Poehler

Hit man. It's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it. How else do the squeaky wheels of commerce get greased? Who else could facilitate the important closure of those difficult corporate deals? And what else could provide the financial rewards of fancy-free continent hopping without the perils of work, family or even a fixed abode? But sometimes the life of a killer-for-hire isn't really all it's cracked up to be, particularly when you're a professional assassin who's beginning to lose his mind.

Enter the world of Julian Noble (a Tom Selleck-roastbeefed

Brown, with an ironic moniker to boot). Julian is a hit man—a "facilitator" as his handler calls him—hired for corporate gigs: an anonymous mediator paid well to leave grease stains and slip out the back door. But Julian is lonely. Hooking up with befuddled businessman Danny Wright (Kinney) in the hotel bar, the two make an unlikely pairing, and when Danny's business pitch turns sour, he has nowhere else to go but the bull fights with Julian. From here on in things get messy. When Danny learns of Julian's professional bent, he finds it impossible not to be drawn in—the

glamour is undeniable—and Julian is in desperate need of a friend. If Genny knows better than to bond with a killer, it all goes south one drunken night, when the pair become inextricably linked.

Although not an out-and-out comedy, the comedy turns are impressive—especially Brown's madcap Cockney ("Margerita always taste better in Mexico. Margeritas and cock"). Even Hope Davis gets a few choice tit-bits as the perfect wife with an unhealthy interest in Noble's gun. And although not really a thriller either, the pacing is good and the set pieces are plentiful.

The strength of the film is its desire to break the mold of genre convention, in order to forge something less contrived. With Brown's own personae-breaking turn, it manages something else—a whole that appears greater than the sum of its parts. **Not Witness**

Anticipation: Good guys bad. **Four**

Enjoyment: *Matador's* workbooks is worth the entry fee alone. **Three**

In Retrospect: Friendly assassins are fun. **Three**



COCKLES & MUSCLES

DIRECTED BY OLIVIER
DUCASTÉ AND JACQUES MARTINOU
STARRING CHARLIZE THERON,
OLIVIER DUCASTÉ, MARC MALLERRE,
AND MORE

With Audio
in French

In the opening credits of *Cockles & Muscles*, a Soul Boss inspired animation swirls in time to a lilting song about the pleasures of the beach and the titular shellfish, instantly setting the tone of this quirky French comedy that never quite delivers on its promises.

Mum, Bentina (Theron) and Dad, Marc (Mallerre), bring their teenage children to the seaside for a bit of relaxation. The enforced fun and confinement of a family holiday results in the typical mix of silliness, awkwardness and bickering. Their daughter promptly hooks up with her hot biker boyfriend. Their long-haired son, Charly, invites a gay pal

to stay with them.

When Bentina sees the easy physicality between Charly and his handsome friend, Martin, she assumes her son is gay. To get a rise out of them, Charly plays along and pretends they are an item. Marc's increasingly spicy exuberance at the boys but at his own unresolved issues. Soon, Bentina's balloon of a lover larks around the holidaymakers in various states of undress, and everyone questions their romantic arrangements.

Directed and written by Olivier Ducasté and Jacques Martinou, *Cockles & Muscles* doesn't miss an opportunity to confound gentle

comedy into farce. In the middle of a rainy day, the parents break out into an impromptu rendition of the opening song. While Marc strums the guitar, Bentina sings with breezy sensuality. There's something very odd about Bentina vamping it up for the delight of her teenage son, but then, this is a very odd film.

Among all the silliness and romantic dalliances, the sensitive handling of Charly's sexual identity or his slants out amid the raucous, but every quiet moment is countered with some very forced comic plotting making this rather (shell) fishy far far. In the film, Charly scolds his parents'

madcap behaviour to the influence of the aphrodisiacal shellfish, but really the blame lies with overly broad direction and an overcuffed script that stifles the character study that's trying to get out. **John Matthews**

Anticipation: A French film about names Holly Mallerre. **Eighty Two**

Enjoyment: A bit of laughter by the way. **Two**

In Retrospect: Despite some generous mouth moments, the French farce oversteers its welcome. **Two**



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CHAPTER 5 THE BACK SECTION

In which we discuss the
medium of film in its
many mesmerising forms.

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*Edited by notorious band job bombers,
David Jenkins and Adrian Sandford
&
Designed in return for sexual favours
by Rob Langworth*

...ing to make
 a good film school (working in
 spare time), worked in film and the
 morning while doing stand-in work in
 Cuban Peter with Randy Pradencia. The
 experience with genuine, a film director for
 While re-making the script and searching for
 scenes with two main story projects, and he is
 in, in short, he knows the cinema trade
 with power leading from Europe and having, he
 a budget of \$1.5m. It's a brilliant film, staged in
 with a close-up, up close as the words getting
 something away, in the end, yep, and getting
 or all have fun horror film used to be before
 romance) he saw the history of horror.

Thomas Film Festival, meaning
 it was brought by Tom's Guts, I

2010

...ing to make

SKIN PEELS OFF



EYES
 ARE
 TORN
 OUT

LEGS
 GET
 HOLES
 DRILLED IN



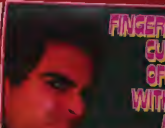
ELI ROTH

★ **PLAYBOY**
★ **SEX-LINE**
★ **OPERATOR**

When asked if the characters are deliberately unlikable, he says: "I think you're giving *Europeans* a perspective on these characters. To America, everyone loves these characters. When Americans watch this movie, these characters are not unlikable — they are cute."

But is that fair, really the film a guide of reconstructing an American fantasy of Europe and Europeans we want? "It is, and they pay for that in the movie. *Roald* is not American at all. It's more Swedish. It is an amalgam of American stereotypes of European Europe. The guys are old, the girls are from the '60s, they have old telephones and all the girls are beautiful and want to have sex with Americans. The way these guys are going to pay for the hookers is the beginning in the same way these businessmen are paying [to corrupt] them, later in the movie."

When asked about censorship, he describes America as "psychologically right wing." When asked about how difficult it was to shoot people, he says: "It's a little tougher when than *Jack Torrance*!" This could be simple. But Americans do know that a lot of back-biting will go down a little in Europe. But Roth clearly believes that his film says something about American masculinity and hypocrisy in reality. *Roald* will not offend us as much as we think Americans and racist, and do whatever agents in a highly corporate work liberal Europeans. However, as a director, he's in good company. It was once when then George A. Romero was developing *Lifeline* that while watching *My Blue Heaven* the crash of western film, his response by a



**FINGER
CU
OF
WITH**

CHAINSAW

SEX WITH AMERICANS

How the angles come of James Deamille by watching on my cover DVD. Don't be in it, we think.

PROFILES

FOUR MORE OF OUR FAVORITE PEOPLE

Chris Cooper

PROFILE



"Recently
replaced
Colonel"
"The group
dynamic"

The Deep South of America has had a lot of a bump right when it comes to cinema. Racing chairs, from patches and the group dynamic have all been a staple of characters representing the Southern states. Even though he was born in Missouri, Chris Cooper is currently bringing some much-needed dignity to a population of feistily challenged, big, white, strong, strong, wearing, moonshine-soaking sailors.

Wielding a powerful brand of white supremacy that, Cooper (Cooper is his friends) and his crew have not only in fact little when playing army officer roles such as those in *Mr. Smith and Jones*, *The Patriot* and, of course, *Jarhead*. But, as we saw in *Adaptation*, he's also a dab hand at back business too. His quiet, intense acting style was exactly what John Taylor needed to push some action such as *Marine* and *Love* they into the realm of high art, and in larger scale films such as *Interiors* and *The Source* *Money* he proved himself to be a supporting actor of the highest caliber. Cooper finally rose above role norms as result of his film. Making sure in most most *Real American* *Money*, in which he played a sexually repressed colonial (sorta like a 19). Many will have kept their interest for when he gives that plastic bag. Kissing one of his a damn good feeling.

Recently, he led an ensemble cast in a bombing *Duke* *Lee* president in *River City*, which emphasized a comedic tale that has remained in a what unscripted. Catch him now in *Capote* and *Spenser*. In short, Cooper is a man who takes his work very. David Justice

PROFILE

Felicity Huffman



"Kablam!"
"beeyatches!"

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EXCLUSIVE

NEW + NEW

The Dardenne Profile

STORIES OF IMITATION: AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DARDENNE BROTHERS

"Hhh! Les masses!" gloms Luc Dardenne as an urban-fused hard-boiled writer who the docucoms make each afternoon get perched atop a silver trap stool in the loathers' woodwork out at the margins of everyday life that the nearly two decades now they have been quietly crafting some of the most unimpeachable yet fitted documentaries and films in Europe. Their latest, *L'Enfance*, is arguably their most accomplished to date.

It's a film which tells the story of a young man who impulsively sets his new-born baby for a quick buck, but focuses on the boy's emotional state of longing rather than the intricacies of human trafficking. "We tell stories of imitation," says Jean-Pierre, describing their art. "Sometimes it is so ferociously realistic that it not only demonstrates the Brothers' aptitude at observing the barriers between documentary and fiction, but increases our obligation to trust every subsequent Dardenne release as an extension of the highest import."

But more, it takes the deconstruction of the World Trade Center as a grand central mission to get the creative juices flowing, but for Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne, their films arise from the flesh and you'll want a revelation that life chooses up if you happen to be looking at the right angle. "It's not the way we see the world, it's the way we experience it," says

NEW

NEW

girl pushing a green velvet hat says Jean-Pierre. "The crime back in us in our deceptions and we thought there must be a crime behind her doing that, so we tried to discover a story for her. It was in it at the same time as pushing it the way we got rid of it. So it became a story of a man who becomes a father without really wanting it and not particularly wanting it. We asked ourselves, 'What would this guy have to go through to become a father in the end?'"

The answer is in the end of a amazing group, Olivier Gourmet (who has become something of a Belgian De Niro), has become a staple of the Brothers' films. However, he only has a minor role in *L'Enfance* as the lead in this film is *Johnnie Rango* (first seen in the Brothers' *Les Filles*). "We thought of Jeanne when we were writing a scene where Rango from White moved by her mother's," says Luc. "We wanted the character of Rango to look at this point and we remembered that that was the sort of thing Jeanne would laugh at from when we worked with him on *Les Filles*."

The Dardenne are unsure now what they'll be doing next, but they won't be returning to making documentaries. "We've found too much pleasure in fiction," says Luc. "It's something we never had while making documentaries. We like to create stories, stories of characters moving between life and death and searching for forgiveness. Documentaries just wouldn't work. What we want to do right now?" Jean-Pierre adds, half-jokingly. "Right now we're trying to get back to work. We're off in Berlin for our day tomorrow and also then we start work again. Monday morning at nine o'clock. New week we start. If only it were true." David Radwin

SHORT FILM
LIKE NORMAL FILMS, ONLY SHORTER

STRAIGHT EIGHT

INTERVIEW



**RICH
IN
DETAIL**

**NEW
Genuine
Picture**

ED RAGAN MEETS THE PAIR BEHIND THE STRAIGHT 8 FESTIVAL


Ed Ragan and Ben McGregor work in advertising. The late Bill Hicks once said, "If anyone here is in advertising, or marketing, kill yourself. No really, there's no satisfaction for what you do." (You are Ragan's kind helper!)... That's the nature of all things good. Seriously, so, this is not a joke—you are Ragan's guest, filling the world with love and garbage, you are fucked and you are fucking us. Kill yourselves!

Ed and Ben, however, are very nice. So nice, in fact, that when not filling the Prince of Darkness, they represent one of the most engaged, creative, accessible, and inspiring short film festivals in Europe: Straight 8.

The idea behind the festival is simple. Film-makers shoot a short film on a single outtake of Super 8mm film (What the shit is Super 8? See below). The un-developed, un-edited film is then sent back to Straight 8 HQ for processing. As Super 8 is a shoot medium, the filmmaker also provides a soundtrack on CD, copying in reviews and issuing their most contributions were and perform their own music. Only the cartridges that Straight 8 send can be used (a note is taken of the serial number). No special instructions to the printer (e.g., reprints, or double-exposures) are allowed. The last time the filmmaker is able to see their work is at a screening packed with other nervous Straight 8 filmmakers.

One surprising aspect of the films, the best of which have screened at BFI and Cannes and have just been released as a DVD, is their quality. Short film festivals, with their fortunate winners, are weak moments and lack industry talking cards, are rarely this good.

Curiously the grain and colour of Super 8 stock adds a quality which, perhaps due to its familiarity as a home movie medium, brings the colours of video. But Straight 8's key more association is from the poor-quality reviews collected by that paucity of critics of film, occasions which DV filmmakers simply don't have to



**creative
inspiring
accessible
endless retakes
art-trunk masterpieces**

worry about. There is no editing and each shot has to be planned as master detail – one mistake and the whole film is on the scrap heap. In addition to inspiring the manufacture of high quality films, this also provides invaluable lessons for any aspiring filmmaker. Digital video may be economical, and give the honour of endless retakes, but even when film is a distant memory, wasted time on a film shoot will still be wasted money.

Perhaps this is all taking it too seriously. Despite the obvious time and effort given by contributors, one of the best things about the festival is its unpretentiousness and, above all, the love of film. And for that, Ed and Ben, may you live long and happy lives. ■

For the full story of domestic megafest madness, hit up that retail DVD.



NEW

**Ed and Ben
THUMP'S THE
GOLDNESS OF VIDEO**

Ed and Ben are very nice. So nice, in fact, that when not fellating the Prince of Darkness, they organise one of the most original, creative, accessible, and inspiring short film festivals in Europe: Straight 8.

Slow Motion

A SHORT GUIDE TO SUPER 8 FILM-MAKING



Today Super 8 equipment is available from a number of specialist suppliers and, of course, eBay, where a camera will set you back from £10 to £100. Kodak not only still produces a range of Super 8 films, they even develop new film stock.

There is a wealth of technical information on Super 8 film on the internet – a good start being www.kodak.com. At a pinch, it's important to do some research before buying equipment. However, here are the most important points when buying Super 8.

SOUND

While Super 8's great advance was the advent of a sound track, sound film is no longer available. Therefore, any soundtrack will have to be recorded separately. Sound cameras are off to a good start since, however, as they are usually cheaper than silent cameras.

SUPER 8 FILM-MAKING

LENS

Most Super 8 cameras do not have interchangeable lenses, so you're stuck with whatever lens comes as standard, usually with a fairly weak zoom. Those which do have interchangeable lenses, such as those made by Bronica, are expensive. Some cameras have a power zoom, or auto zoom.

LIGHT

Underexposure is a frequent problem with Super 8. Most Super 8 cameras have an auto exposure control but many also have a manual override. Some cameras have the designation 'XL', meaning the camera has some low light capability. There are reviews needed by those in the know.

**great advance
weak zoom**

**underexposure
require batteries**

POWER

Most Super 8 cameras require two separate AA batteries, which designed to last more than 100 shots. It's worth saving up a bit before you, having to go off with a noticable more than 10 minutes of shooting and not a second of it.

FRAME SPEED

The standard speed for film for Super 8 is 18 fps. Some cameras also have 24 fps and 25 fps. As with film, some cameras are triggered by a shutter release button. Some cameras also have a single frame advance button. Super 8 is very popular with its own camera. A single shot is a common feature, and a 1/1000 sec. shutter is provided for single frame shots.

FOCUSING

Reflex viewing – where you see exactly what you shoot – is on SLR cameras – a useful but check if the camera also has reflex focusing if this is important to you. If not, then focusing is by guesswork or measurement with a tape measure. Some cameras have a rangefinder system with this.

REEL IN AND PROCESSING

A 10 foot cartridge of Super 8 film costs around £15 with processing on either 35 or £15 per cartridge. Some good deals can be had on processed cartridges (see listings). The Watersport Centre in Gidea Park offers Kodak Ektachrome 64T for £15 40 percent paid.

To view the fruits of your effort, you'll need a projector, also available on eBay and from dedicated stockists. Alternatively, it's possible to get Super 8 transferred to DVD or video for around £15 per 90 foot. *James Rowland*

Audio-Visuals
Local morals, but different

Addictive TV

meshing-up
pop
videos

mindlessly
ghettoised

hipsters
unite

ADRIAN SANDIFORD TALKS TO GRAHAM DANIELS, FOUNDER
MEMBER OF SUPERSTAR VJ COLLECTIVE ADDICTIVE TV

There is no word for what Addictive TV do. If you need to put a label on the London-based collective who mindlessly, manner most certainly than the super Top 40 omnibus, then you'll probably call them VJs. They are a small part of a flowering scene with a long established history but little mainstream recognition.

But beware, the VJs tag implies would-be messengers. Closely bonded around its founder who's working on the cutting edge of video visual artistry, it's equally prone to showing up images of thorny formal in the background of a dish on, there, unapologetically fresh-faced artists introducing products on MTV in house 'young' rooms.

For now, a VJ is a remote jockey making video images alongside a DJ. But others, a VJ appears to continue playing out still created visuals as motion with their own music. Alternatively, VJs can be found perfectly meshing up pop videos or, in the other extreme, working in gallery spaces creating their own visual artwork. For our track to be so ambiguous is clearly ludicrous yet, despite the range of activity, here we can see a distinctly ghettoised sound and the same thing.

"The crazy thing is that you can ask 2000 VJs to define what they do and you'll get 2000 different answers," explains one of Addictive TV's founders, Graham Daniels, when pushed to clarify the genre term. What is clear is that the group he helped set up back in 1991 have consistently been at the forefront of the UK's video visual art movement.

In a theory club down London's East End, the crowd don't rest for definition. All they know is that Addictive TV are undeniably brilliant, something and doing images in perfect sync with the sound. To be frank, the guys and girls are more into hipsters than in addition, as defined by what's walking on the busy streets which line the club, Addictive TV rocks! the rock from behind their DVD DJ console and a lot more of electronic gadgetry.

The RF isn't a warehouse combination of breaks, house and techno, dance rooms based on film screens, Addictive building a track out of samples from The Beatles, the sound of Mass Cooper turned into beats, while the corresponding scenes play out on the screens, a particularly striking Redding Brownwell visual scene, and a dramatically segment video mash up of The Streets and Eazy-E. The DJ VJ Gash sets Addictive TV's DJ Telly play out tracks while Graham Daniels makes meaningfully self-created visuals to be the main. This, my friend, is VJing. Addictive TV style.

Across the Irish Sea, the York City International Film Festival is about to kick off. The combined background of the Cork Opera House is connected with European MPs, new signatures and film fees, all directed on black on. And then, the revised autumn series down for the Cork Openings scheduled over October 2002.

As 2002 is the show began it swiftly becomes clear that, though, there will be no video mash ups or pop culture DVD something to dance and see on the night away. But while the mainstream mainstream crowd may be missing out on the Addictive TV VJ spectacle, they're being treated to a different form of merge – the group's live cinema project, *The Eye Of The Add*.

Catchiest Electronic

Superstar DJs

Wesley & Martin



Additive TV's video work falls more on the art side of things. The group uses beautiful colour footage shot by a French artist-painter, Raymond Lamy (father of Additive TV's very own François Lamy) as the 'St' on film. The pilot work explores the tape footage of his many parties, be a Tahitian fugue, Karachi or San Francisco. Fifty years later and the group have transformed Lamy's personal colour archive into a musical and visual overlayer, the footage recontextualised and remixed alongside a self-composed soundtrack combining Additive's world consciousness with live guitar work from Alejandro de Vilela.

It's an absolutely ground-breaking show that takes you on an incredible musical and visual journey, fusing two media into an entirely new art form. And while the visual work is mesmerising, Additive's innovative approach to music shouldn't be ignored, electronic electronics created from samples of live musical instruments found in the street. Long travel, the footage of 'Tahiti' accompanied by a drum 'n' bass track as it completely out of his box scenes, which shifts and changes. Taboo.

Lamy after the explosion returns to the Eye of the Polar performance in Cork, Graham Dorey is back in Additive TV's north London office, working the business of creating a video work up for BBC (a company of which Vilela's brother is the owner) and running a DVD label, releasing titles like the Additive TV produced TV show *Musicals* (for TVTV).

SLEAZY CLUB DOWN LONDON'S EAST END



There's always a bit of judging for BBC Radio 1's *Midnight* TV's composition to consider alongside production. With an new DVD album for their current *Midnight* The McLeetown, Bessie, and St. Begg & The Noddy Foundation.

Include Additive TV's involvement in organising the highly successful *Operation Festival*, bringing together - in conjunction with the National Film Theatre and the NFI London IMAX - today's best video visual artists for completely sold out shows, and it's a wonder that Dorey even has time to think about the changing fortunes of the indie world as a poet.

"Now it's the beginning of something where the field, a break into the mainstream, you can feel it," says the barely-held and warmly

forthcoming Dorey. "I just want to see the scene develop and flourish. There's clearly a show groundswell of artists doing that kind of work and at some point the floodgates will open."

"It's a very interesting video not only content from video artists to film editing styles. It already is. You can feel the mix change." And it's a change that has undoubtedly been helped along by the group's work over the last 14 years. So, a word for what the ground-breaking crew is doing? Simply put, it's additive.

Additive TV perform *Eye of the Polar* at Waterman Arts Centre, London on 12 March and on 21st at Goldsmiths on 4 April. See www.additive.co.uk Check it out on the new DVD.

DVDs

REVIEWED BY PHIL ALLEN, DON ATKINSON,
DAVID JENNINGS, LEE JOHNS, ANDREW KELLY, ANDREW
SIMPSON, DAVID SPENCER & JON YOUNG

Ginger & Fred AND And The Ship Sails On

**GINGERLAND, FRED / AND THE SHIP SAILS ON
RELEASED 13 MARCH**

Two of Britain's lazier works finally arrive on DVD, both starring with the director's typical creative genius. *And The Ship Sails On* follows a party of opera singers as they embark on a 1915 cruise to soothe the nerves of a *Grand Fraud*. Oddball vignettes are pegged with wit, even in the case of WWI characters put at sea in the surreal. Most eyed but knowing, it's sharpened enough to be on top scale. *Ginger and Fred*, on the other hand, a hardly cerebral viewing — a rambling work in the television industry which was created to *feature* repeat her partner for a mainstream variety show. Despite the slightly sluggish start, the film eventually finds a welcome sense of humor fragility and the modern of transverse drive and matrix cover.

While few people are foolishly enough to knock the big 19's credits in the three production men of the film could potentially make them all pointing to newcomers. *And The Ship Sails On* is notably with the writer's best work, the magnificent opening sequence, a throw back to the imagery of the silent era, should a line was over script. *Ginger and Fred* is better suited to making Pellingham but it still will watch the effort, especially if you like musical farcical, which we do. **NC**

Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence

**GHOST IN THE SHELL 2: INNOCENCE
RELEASED 27 FEB**

But we see delin, big guns and a heavy hand are the three ingredients in the follow-up to one of the 1990s most popular anime. By marrying *Trick and* *Japanimation* to pursue computer graphics, Mamoru Oshii has opened an entire world of play — which off the shelves and back to the English dub to show full appreciation of the transitory. It's a little scary, the plot eventually plunges into an action movie about few for the accompanying music as it's a movie about few will really mind. Thoughtful, poignant, and there all the beautiful, *Innocence* is the kind of sequel that fully deserves to inherit the legacy of its predecessor. **NC**



**MURDERBALL
RELEASED 27 FEB**

The star of this heart-breaking documentary is Mark Zupan — a tough, talking, barely noticed, powerfully built athlete. He's also a quadriplegic. Zupan plays wheelchair rugby, aka *Murderball*. It's a brutal sport, quadriplegics charging at each other in *And Men* style chaos, smacking each other to the ground with glo. And while the film has its gross-out painful moments, it doesn't fall into the trap of patronizing the protagonists. The documentary has a lot of narrative to hear any Hollywood sports film, personalities full of humor and passion, and an incredible human side lesson when characterized in rage. **NC**

LORD OF WAR

EMERSON
FLESH BURY
EMOTIONALLY STUNNING
SERIOUSLY COOL MYSTERY

LORD OF WAR
RELEASED 6 MARCH

When the great, hearty gods of the sky finally get a bit of a kick in the pants, what will they make of the Cigarettes? Seriously cool and a bit of a kick? Emotionally stunning? The Cigarettes play against a whimsical, low-pressure story as far from the packaged shock we all have had, as love. Fortunately, Andrew Niccol's script is strongly without, and great back (to figure) back him a Thelma Houston. The release of ADAM's and a doggy house to tell you to the world's greatest authority. **B**

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN



THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN
RELEASED 20 MARCH

Another dark special release release of John Wayne's rendition of *The Seven Samurai* in the Old West (only named *The Magnificent Seven* in the original *The Seven Samurai* is the hope that you won't notice). There's no already own the 1991 special edition DVD any more to give the one a wide berth - there's nothing here that you won't already have. Starring a host of 1960s movie stars (John Wayne, Steve McQueen, Robert Towne and others) *The Magnificent Seven* is a great film however you package it. **B**

DARK SPECIAL ★ FIGHTS ★ OLD WEST

Howl's Moving Castle

musical
travels and pause
exhausting yet flawed

HOWL'S MOVING CASTLE
RELEASED 13 MARCH

Myopoli's exhausting yet flawed follow-up to *Castle of Dreams* is a bit better on DVD than it is on the cinema. In fact, a lot better film could there be so get those reward and points because to good too! You can watch scenes of the *Castle of Dreams* wedding, across the bridge you over and over and, more importantly, you can pause it long before an ending which will save here the ending in some. Coupled with scenes of a character saying how much they like the *Castle of Dreams* Myopoli, this is a more love film than with his entire production. **B**

The Best Kaempfert Story: Strangers in the Night

UNIMAGINATIVE
PHOTOGRAPHY

AMATEUR
GRAPHICS

DISCOVERED
THE BEATLES



THE BEST KAEMPFERT STORY:
STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT
RELEASED 27 FEB

This documentary charting the life and times of one of the many talents of the music world does little to tell anything to its slightly unappealing nature. It's unimpressive, in part, particularly in its ending. Kaempfert's work is not too bad, but the unimpressive and amateur photography make this a rather mediocre release in its own right. Advertised as the music world's greatest, *Strangers in the Night* got rid of them almost as soon as they signed for him, so really the documentary charts the life of a man who could have done better. The Beatles. And this isn't very interesting at all. **D**

CHARADE



CHARADE
RELEASED 20 MARCH

Butler doesn't produce even like Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn anymore, but his movie doesn't go with less, it's all glamour up to the stars. Who do we have these days? Strutter, and Hugh Grant and others. *Charade* does have a good cast, even me, playing perfectly off Hepburn's lovely voice. *Charade* - part of a new three-disc Hepburn collection - is as good as the game it's named after: Cary, old Hepburn, and it's all to play with the family. **B**

SCUMMY MAN

Challenging Snapshot New Genuine

9th issue

MORE ASHINGLY HIP LIFESTYLE SHIT ABOUT THE ARCTIC MONKEYS BUT NOW WITH ADDSD MOVIE STYLE INTEREST

As a result of success here, a genuine writer about Arctic Monkeys completely and correctly everything around them. They were. Click. That's another one. And the thing is, all these articles are available. With the hype machine permanently running up, there's absolutely no need to regret any the more will worry about New The Internet Will Change Your Future.

But there's a different story to be told. When the Monkeys' record night at the number one spot in January, the record company, some record a record it wasn't just another MTV show money was a bit part of a much bigger project. The Monkeys had to put on a picture. They'd commissioned a short, the video cut from work by fellow Sheffielders, Warp Films - the same behind from like Chris Meade's *My Friend and I* and *Shane Meadows' Dead Man's Shoes*.

Upon the Monkeys' music release, Warp Films announced the talent of Paul Dooley (co-writer of *Dead Man's Shoes* and *A Room For Rent*) then stepped up alongside Dooley, Screenplay and Mark Sheehan to co-direct.

The result is the harrowing story of Niall, a young guitarist, brilliantly portrayed by newcomer Louis in Soho, and his half-pipe pump played by Stephen Graham. It's a wonderful yet challenging snapshot of production's

Scumm
Man

underbelly: the real life in the gutter behind the glory days of the century British. Dooley's script is perfectly pitched between getting enough realism and stark honesty, while the mood of despair is bolstered by Danny Cohen's superb work as DOP, creating an aesthetic that can only be described as Sheffielder.

The film also shot a second short - *Just Another Day* - that offers a more redemptive perspective on Niall's life. It's a welcome counterbalance to the bleakness of *Scummy Man*.

With the theme on the DVD release, we caught up with Paul Dooley to discuss *Monkeys*, production, and his move to directing.

Was the Monkeys track your only inspiration or did you already have what you already had in the script?

Part of it, I listened to the song, but what I ended up doing was something a lot darker. There was through the character of George. When I got Stephen Graham involved and made him a younger man he became more real to me, because of that, a slightly darker character - the film became a little bit more threatening than I initially intended.

Scummy Man is pretty bleak when just another day is more uplifting. Why did you choose to make the story that way?

I've always tried to make things that are as complexly human. Niall's a total victim, there's nothing in life that will ever help him. There's not much hope and it always felt a little bit controlled when I was writing about how she would.

The problem when I wanted to have the possibility of redemption. The second worry is an attempt to say that there are people who want to help. That's the difficulty to be honest but also to offer what you want to get from these things, which is that we're not all evil. It's hard to balance the two things and the way the film gave me the result as I was looking for.

With three short films you're moving from writing to directing. Are you looking to direct more?
It's always been there but it's the first time I've officially directed. I do feel like I'm right at the early stages of a learning curve. I definitely want to do more shorts. I have a *Director's Journal*.

Check out our full feature on Scummy Man on our DVD. If you want. We're not making you

IN PRODUCTION
PAY ATTENTION AT THE BACK

Melting Pot

by
**RANKIN
&
COTTRAM**

**smoke
and mirrors**

**an adventure
into the unknown**

This is your first feature film — were there any surprises?
The surprise was how much work it was — although to be fair we had anticipated a shock. We like to think that there were no real surprises, just very strong learning curves. What was good was that we spent a long time trying to find a group of like-minded people, both crew and casters, who shared our vision. It was not a necessary process but more of an adventure into the unknown. Can we do a feature film as such a short space of time? Good surprises came from being careful and thorough in preparation — bad surprises came from a lack of it.

As the film opens quite slowly with your other creative outlets such as Dusted, has making a feature film that doubled as a brand campaign always been in the back of your mind?
Making film has always been at the back of our minds, but the idea of doubling it with a brand campaign came very much out of discussion with Augusta (Kamano, exec producer). The process of filmmaking can sometimes seem such an impenetrable world — there's lots of smoke and mirrors, not people telling you what you can and can't do — so we were always looking laterally about how to make that process easier or even self-help it — Mel's Pot gave us that opportunity by giving us creative freedom as well as support.

Will there be any young blood to commercial filmmaking now that a feature film has been scored — certainly, what does the future hold outside of publishing and commercial?
We have the filmmaking bug now, and want to build on our previous efforts. We will still work with Melton's Pot but will be thinking of other creative avenues to go down that not fresh and new with them. We personally have a raft of optionsed scripts and hope to get something underway this year. The Melton's Pot collaboration has helped us think and find a way to make films without doing it in the usual way.

MARKETING AND FILM COLLIDE IN THE LIVES OF THE 3 UNTS

The Love Of The 3 Unts is a first warning for directors Rankin and Chris Cottram, although they have both had considerable experience in working with product communications, photography and style magazines. The film is unique in that funding came from a Melton's Pot, and has provided an entire marketing strategy as well as being a great story. We spoke to Cottram and Rankin about their experiences on the film.

FAVELA BREAKS

FUNK BOMBS
YOU SHOULDN'T
WASTE A FEW MINUTES

VINCE MEDRINO, WRITER AND PRODUCER ON THE PORTFOLIO BRILLIAN SURF DOG PUPPILS ARE YOU, LET'S LET YOU KNOW HOW THINGS HAVE BEEN DOING

So, what's it all about?

Favela Breaks is a documentary about working and surviving in the slums of Rio de Janeiro. In the film we follow Michael and his group of friends working for a local street market in Maré, one of Rio's two slums. We see a group of young people who are part of a local street market in Maré (Rio de Janeiro). We go walking with him. We join them in Rio's famous favela. We see the slums. And we even dodge a few bullets along the way. In the film, we try to look at life in the drug-filled, crime-ridden favela while we're going, whether working or a little bit of a way out in a world where opportunities are few.

How did the project come about?

In 2001 I wrote a magazine article about a local club inside a favela in Rio de Janeiro. The club was run by the community and you kids could enter because the boss was long so they didn't get involved in the drug trade. The story was an aerial magazine around the world. The director, Juan Mitchell, read it, liked it, and called me up. He wanted to make a documentary film about it. We've been discussing the project for about a year.



now and finally we want to be able to move on Rio and make the film.

How long have you been working on it?

We've been discussing the film for three years—since I first spent a week in the slums writing the magazine story. In 2004 I went down there to do some work on a personal level, and in 2005 we did our research trip, found our main characters and shot a picture. We are currently looking for sponsors. So far, there's been quite a few people interested. Some of them, some of the players there, they would.

What's the rest of the film?

It's being shot on film. The style of *Favela Breaks* will mirror that of a classic war film. Examples include 1942 classic *Ball of Fire*, as well as recent films such as *The Lasting and The Lasting: The Lasting*. It's a film of God and Degrass and other two men who are dangerous. We are not going to be a classic of the war.

When can we read it?

The film is a complete post-production by November 2008.

For more, go to www.favelabreaks.com or check out the trailer on YouTube at the same URL.

The Trial
DEFENDENT
M. STEVE
McQUEEN
CHARGE
C GENERAL
CRAPNESS

[illegible]

SUMMING UP. Ladies and gentlemen of the party, you've heard the evidence put before you. Now it's your turn. Overwhelmed, agitated, hysterically ugly has been on a waxy, charming sick ass? Toss the jury, make a date whether the defendant is guilty or not guilty of making the '70s even uglier than it already was!

Send your request to bookrequests@wiley.com

Learn more's definition: Cassia Grove
Change: Palm Beach
Birds: Only

[illegible]

MAN DOWN

By DAVID JENKINS

Chloe Pease 1969-2008
 3 Scott Fitzgerald never said,
 "I love me a horse and I love
 you a tragedy." It's a maxim
 which perfectly sums up the
 life of our dear Chloe Pease.
 A "good girl" by all accounts,
 Pease's death represents the
 passing of a golden age of
 romantic Hollywood stardom. He
 remained in good time. The end
 of a lot. He'll be missed.

DREAM BAGS JAGUAR SHOES
KINGSLAND ROAD

EXHIBITION
23 MARCH

JAGUAR **S&P**

OLD STREET UNDERGROUND

JAGUAR SHOES. To celebrate the launch of our fifth men's *Lifestyle* magazine, we'll be holding an exhibition inspired by the men's cover stars, *Remonty* & *Agostino* at dreamshoesjaguar.com (15-16 Kingham Road, UK) from 28 March - 1 April. Don't miss your chance to see a model in your favourite men's shoe and if you find you still in the zone, we highly recommend that you have a beer (they also do an excellent Sunday cover) there while taking in the warm glow of our displays.

The exhibition launches 21 March. Free for all ages and up to 55.



Paul Smith



CHAPTER SIX. DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE. INCOMING MOVIES LAID BARE



20 Brick. By Ryan Johnson

Joseph Gordon-Levitt is a loner. Not in real life, sure. Well, maybe, we just don't know. But he's definitely a loner in Ryan Johnson's directorial debut, *Brick*. And, as we fondly call him, while pondering his real-life popularity, goes over-further-and-on in an attempt to finally engage his early 2nd most fave. This film noir-hupster high school mash-up has the potential to be a Darkroom cult smash. '02s indie guy pushes marks Denis Quaid, a sidekick called The Man, and misquoting plenty to crack open an pursuit of an old-time's killer. Go to DVD's friend, than in genre rock. **ETA: Summer 2001**

19 The Visiting. By Oliver Hirschbiegel

Oliver Hirschbiegel's latest has the working title of *Permanence* but someone must tapped that the over-suspicious WWII shenanigans wouldn't stick to such a German offer, no matter how good Downfall was. Even the presence of the 1970s very man Rainer Ruhnert and blonde Bond himself failed to reassure us panicky islanders. Or did they just change the name because of that pesky TV show asking three facts? You decide. Like its former moniker, the film's about aliens. In all honesty, it's not to properly appear on our radar. But they're closer like that. Aliens, that is, not Germans, although our European friends are quite clever too - they invented the Volkswagen, don't you know. And the Christmas tree bubble: rect. **ETA: 21 September**

18 Mister Lonely. By Herman Korte

If you're the type to watch a movie on the basis of a quick synopsis, try this on for size: a Michael Jackson impersonator looms in Denis Leary's *Mister Lonely*, and is then whisked off to a Northish commune where he meets the Pope, Charlie Chaplin and the Queen of England. Taking the willfully obtuse to dangerous extremes, Hirschbiegel's art-house infant terrible, *Mister Lonely* is back with his biggest budget yet after six years of hush. **ETA: 2001**

17 Hail, Caesar. By Joel Oren

It seems like an age since the Coen's all-around remake of the *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* pulled a Coen's screen near you. Hopefully they've used the break to complete the war and vague that faded their earlier cinema. Mocked to be their third collaboration with George Clooney, and based on a self-penned script, we're back in '30s America, this time journeying a feisty theatre troupe attempting to stage Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. **ETA: 2001**

16 Nebraska. By Alexander Payne

Having produced the best American film of the new century (*Millions*), you could say that Alexander Payne will be shooting for something pretty spectacular with his proposed follow-up, *Nebraska*. Nothing to do with the Bruce Springsteen album of the same name (also?), credited Richard Dreyfuss looks set to star in this road movie about a guy who thinks he's won a cash in the lottery, and crosses his path with an old taking a cross-country trip to pick up the winnings. Being on the way. **ETA: 2001**

City of Portland's On-Line Survey

The procedure to the original CIA - directed by Robert De Muro, produced by Francesco Coppola and starring Matt Damon and Angelina Jolie. As a witness to his father's suicide, Damon plays an eager Yale student recruited as a founder of the CIA, and once embedded in Iran, deceit and duplicity, leads himself joining a group on everything he believed in, including his own family. **CTR: Summer 2007**

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Despite various concerns pushing back this release, what's only going to make things simpler and fans of the book. People like us. Combining comic-style, well-shaded vignettes, quality PG-13 source material and Woody "Hargrove" Hargrove, a former barely is making a lot of people excited. For now, we'll think through our review and pre-book our tickets. Let's hope Ryder steals the show. And nothing else. But those clothes down. **Kiera**

KTE, May 1994

Vice Pres. Andrew Wilman, Luke Wilman

Times in Greek, it goes on the Wilson brothers. All three get in on the action here, with superstar Owen co-writing with Lennon known baby brother Luke, who also turns out shares with even Lennon known Greek born Arlene. Reports suggest that the trio's ode to the Lane star starts, celebrating the titular Mervell's peak break-up journey to win back his love. Is a somewhat lackluster, muddled affair still, it's maybe worth a peek to see if you can work the obligatory Peak Peak message. **ITA** **Score 3/10**

Edw. G. Llewellyn and Son

Do anyone who didn't like Heddy, you'd better shape up or ship out before the release of El Estorista del mundo for Pan's Galaxy to our wonderful talent as the trailer looks awesome. See us perform Forward Space, it looks a little something like Heddy's on friends by Clive Barker, appeared with Ed Vera's typical humorism and you'll mark it. In silver words, see XXX Butler 2016

• **Highly Effective, Low-Cost:** The program is designed to be highly effective and low-cost, making it accessible to a wide range of organizations and individuals.

you're a visually literate storming the Hollywood barricades, you've made a highly intelligent action movie with a freedom of back-story creativity. What do you do next? If you're Spike Jonze, you skip off like candy, and while you've probably had a wild ride shooting totally subversive pop moments, it's about time you returned to the faithful. Based on Russian Dostoev's off-balance hero's book, *Where the Wild Things Are*, this tripsy tale of a young boy who creates his own imaginary world when James' brother's run ground, experimenting with large-scale CG offbeats for the first time expect...well, this is Spike Jonze, expect what you like. Look forward to be shocked. (D+)





10 This Film Is Not Yet Rated.

By Kelly Cobb

Oh, how very neatly postmodern, was our initial reaction. But when you shouldn't judge a film by its title, Kirby Dick's *This Film Is Not Yet Rated* turns out to be a rather interesting documentary about the MP ratings system. The main narrative comes from the efforts of a private detective to track down the individuals on the MPAA ratings board. This film is not for rated was itself slapped with the dreaded MP-17 rating because at some footage from MP-17 seems to show its segment. Indeed Dick then included the events of his appeal process in the version screened at Sundance. Well, you can't keep a good postmodernist down. **EYE: Summer 2004**

09 Pirates of the Caribbean - Dead Man's Chest.

By Gene Hofstein

With the phenomenon that was *Pirates* sailing merrily along and raking \$1 billion worldwide, Verbinski's back at the helm for a ripping saga of sea-belling and bawling down. Depp (Sparrow) is revealing his original work, Bloom (Turner) will have it up and Knightley (Elizabeth) will look unimpressed. It's a high seas adventure. *Pirates* of eight? *Pirates* of great more like. **EYE: July 2004**

08 For Your Consideration.

By Christopher Guest

Depressed comedy can go very funny, but never in the hands of Christopher Guest and his team of skilled professionals. Eugene Levy, Michael Keaton, Fred Willard and other faces from films like *Spinal Tap*, *Waiting for Guffman* and *Best in Show* re-gather for a film about their industry who learn their respective professions in a film drama set in the mid-'80s American South are generating much discussion based on the internet. Guest has roped in new comedy Kirby Green to play a studio executive. Go on, Chris, who has to do the dance. **EYE: October 2004**

07 Rocky Balboa.

By Sylvester Stallone

How can one born to fight, Sylvester Stallone was one of those who's why he's necessarily doing yet another Rocky film - even though he's a 60 years-old (don't worry Sly, you don't look a day over 30). Here a widower with a small restaurant business, Rocky is forced back into the ring (again) just for the thrill of competing. But as surprised he has offered a shot at reigning title holder - Mason Dixon (Antonio Tarver). The first purchase endorsed show Rocky about to enter the ring - some failed in a way with Rocky by his side - if this doesn't get you excited, you're a coward. No question. **EYE: Feb 2001**

06 Volver.

By Peter Albrecht

Alvarez's mother and son don't really who had movie. Well, there's a lot of education, but that's only in the liberal sense. In fact of Alvarez will be competing at the bar at the prospect of Volver, which finds the director reached with his mother's leading lady of abuse, the spinster's Carmen Maura. Also starring Penelope Cruz, it's a story which is said to involve death, ghosts and tarps (the dance, not the drink). **EYE: June 2004**



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